THE LIVING AGE

NUMBER 4025

AUGUST 27, 1921

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

CONFERENCE PROSPECTS

Journal de Genève's Paris correspondent, whose view of European affairs is usually worth attention, expresses what is probably a widely held opinion in criticizing the proposal that Lloyd George and Briand attend the Washington Conference. He says: 'Their exaggerated egocentrism, and perhaps their ignorance of great world-problems, make them believe that President Harding's invitation can be utilized to settle purely European issues. M. Briand is quoted as having used these typical words, which, if not reported precisely as uttered, presumably express his real ideas: —

'"The Americans are having all the fun this year. After their Dempsey–Carpentier match, they are to have a Lloyd George–Briand match, with President Harding for umpire. I shall try to avenge Carpentier."'

This correspondent surmises that our statesmen in Washington recognize that the failure of the Conference to settle the problems of the Pacific and of disarmament would immediately render both difficulties more acute than ever; and that they are willing perhaps to widen the circle of subjects under discussion, in order to 'attenuate this peril'; but he does not believe that the people at Washington will permit themselves to be diverted from the real issue — the Pacific.

*

JAPAN AND THE CONFERENCE

When President Harding's invitation was received, Japanese newspapers were beginning to exhibit signs of resentment at London's delay in concluding a new Anglo-Japanese alliance. *Nichi-Nichi* advocated a naval compact between Japan and Great Britain, frankly directed against America. Otherwise, this paper argued, the British Dominions would soon drift into coöperation with the United States against Japan, thus weakening the ties which bind them to the mother-country. *Kokumin* felt that the alliance would have to be dropped for the present, and argued in favor of a triple alliance, including the United States. In general, the press regarded the prospect of the termination of its agreement with Great Britain with disfavor approaching alarm.

Consequently, President Harding's invitation to the Washington Conference was received with expressions of relief. Osaka *Mainichi*, a daily which has perhaps the widest circulation of all Japanese newspapers, points out that the calling of the Conference prob-

Copyright 1921, by The Living Age Co.
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ably makes the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance unnecessary, and brings disarmament much nearer realization. *Jiji*, a liberal organ, advocates unreserved acceptance. *Yomiuri* welcomes disarmament, partly on the ground that Japan cannot keep up the present rate of competition; but it fears that the inclusion of China may spell failure. *Nichi-Nichi*, which we have quoted above as advocating an Anglo-Japanese alliance against the United States, believes President Harding's proposal comes just in time. Its editor is pleasantly surprised because the invitation was wholly unexpected — 'a bolt out of a clear sky.' Tokyo *Asahi*, while it believes that world-federation is the ultimate ideal, considers that the open door in the Far East calls logically for the open door on the opposite side of the Pacific. The Osaka paper of the same name, and under the same management, fears that China's presence at the Conference will simply revive the ill-feeling between that country and Japan which characterized the Paris Conference. *Hochi* emphasizes Japan's special interests in China, which, it says, are analogous to the interests of the United States in South America, and believes that this should be properly explained and urged at the Conference. In general, the Japanese press devotes itself mainly to the China issue, —apparently overlooking Yap,—much as the French press emphasizes the possibility of reviving the project of an Anglo-French-American guaranty treaty against Germany.

*

JINGOES *vs.* JINGOES

UNDER this title, the *Herald of Asia*, a Japanese liberal weekly, quotes several paragraphs from an article by President Eliot, in the New York *Times* of August 22, 1920, describing the belligerent attitude toward Japan exhibited by American army and navy officers stationed in the Far East, which it pairs with a summary of a recent book by Lieutenant-General Kotaro Sato, entitled *If Japan and America Fought*. This book has recently been translated into English. Though General Sato protests that he is not a jingo, he is so confident that war with the United States is inevitable that he thinks Japan should lose no time in trying conclusions with our country. He is fully aware that the odds are against Japan so far as resources of men and materials are concerned; but he argues that Japan has won all its big foreign wars over powers whose material and human resources were far superior to her own. He is sure that Japan's 'national spirit' will give her the victory.

The plan of campaign he recommends is purely negative-defensive strategy, letting America wear herself out futilely beating against the gates of Japan's island fortress. He also expects our government to be paralyzed by internal dissensions, starting among our numerous foreign nationalities.

Dr. Yujaro Miyake, a forceful and popular Japanese editor, writing also upon relations between America and Japan, charges us with attempting to put Japan in the unpopular position recently held by Germany — as the typical aggressive militarist nation. He asserts that the Japanese do not understand why Americans should thus antagonize Japan, and believes it must be due to our gross misconceptions of her people. He recognizes and deplores the futility of the meaningless compliments which well-intentioned men in both countries constantly interchange, in the hope of bettering the relations between their governments. These kindly futilities do not clarify the atmosphere. So he would accomplish that by a different device. 'Let there be an exchange, not of professors or such like polite and dif-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fident people, but of real agitators, and others who are not afraid of speaking out their mind. The outcome of the scheme may not be as propitious as we should like; but it will not be without the advantage of each side hearing what has never before been even suspected of the other.' This scholarly journalist evidently believes that such a frank avowal of real aims and objects would show up America as the truly aggressive and expansionist nation. 'Let American agitators and apologists explain these things candidly and honestly, and then the rest of mankind will know what attitude to take in the future. . . . Let there be an association or meeting of chauvinist orators and sensational alarmists, and America and Japan will be wiser for what may ensue.'

✻

'TALK DOLLARS'

GENERAL CORDONNIER, formerly commander of the French Army in the Orient, recently contributed a series of articles to *La Démocratie Nouvelle*, under the title, *Parlons Dollars*. His argument is, in substance, as follows: —

Great Britain uses in her business pounds sterling, which are not pounds sterling; Italians use lire, which are not lire; the Germans are employing marks, which have a purchasing power about equivalent to our five-sous pieces; Russian rubles are mere scraps of paper; and Austrian crowns are worth little more; our franc on Monday is often quite a different thing from our franc the Saturday before. When our Minister of Reconstruction juggles with his figures before the Chamber of Deputies, he dazzles his hearers, but does not convince them. Another minister ascends the tribune immediately afterward, and gives us other figures to represent the same thing. A third cabinet officer follows, with his particular and distinct version of the same affair. All this is merely throwing dust in the eyes of the public — a kind of mathematical acrobatics. It is making Germany's debt to us an unsubstantial thing, which may contract to the vanishing-point. When we compute it in francs, one day's total is different from that of the day following.

Never in our history, perhaps, was it so necessary to have a dictionary as now. The unintelligible jargon talked by our financiers could be equaled only if our architects and engineers were to draw their plans and specifications in scales of a metre that varied in length erratically from day to day. Imagine a group of mechanics trying to erect a madhouse structure with such specifications.

We need a standard monetary unit of measure in our financial computations as much as we need a standard metre in our engineering operations.

Now, the dollar is the only monetary unit that has remained reasonably stable throughout the war. What America has spent with one hand, she has collected with the other; so to-day the paper dollar and the gold dollar are one and the same.

If we wish to measure the effect of our constant borrowing and inflation upon our economic and financial situation, upon our national income, upon the war profits of our corporations, upon our future, we must use the only fixed standard of money which survives — that is the dollar.

If they talked dollars, our Minister of Reconstruction, our Minister of Finance, and their colleagues, as well as the public, could discuss these questions intelligently and reach reliable conclusions. We should be able to review what we have done in the past, appraise the situation that exists at present, and conjecture what is likely to occur hereafter.

✻

GANDHISM — A REJOINDER

AN Indian author replies in the June issue of the *Hindustan Review* to the article by a fellow Indian entitled, 'Gandhism — and After,' which appeared in that magazine last March and was republished in our issue of May 14. The reply is a sharp attack upon the fairness of the original article. It characterizes the statement that Gandhi's book on home rule preaches nihilism as a 'gross

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

libel,' and observes that whatever that teaching may be, it does not follow that Gandhi's adherents will adopt it as a political code. 'They are, after all, his personal opinions. They do not constitute in their sum the creed to which the Congress or the Nation must subscribe. . . . The Indian people may reject the "Gandhian Republic" and yet may give a trial to a part of the non-coöperation scheme as a step toward self-government.' Gandhi merely denies that railways, fountain pens, lawyers, and motor-cars are the real tests of civilization. They do not add 'one inch to the moral stature of a nation.' Gandhi does not condemn railways in themselves, but the use to which their selfish masters put them 'as a means for evil-doing apace. . . . "Force of arms is powerless when matched against the force of love or the soul," says Gandhi. It is a truth found in the scriptures and preached by Christ.'

This author summarizes his defense of Gandhi in the following words: —

What is the rate, the content, and the quantum of progress that India has achieved since the Battle of Plassey? That is perhaps measured by the ever-increasing tide of Indian wealth flowing into Britain. It is measured by the number of machines, mills and factories, railways and steamers, that speed up that perpetual drain. It can be measured by the amount of mass ignorance and illiteracy in the land, by the number of 'necessary evils,' of plague and famines, and the extent of the country they affect; by the amount of drink-traffic and the moral and mental slavery and degradation that prevail.

✠

CONSERVATIVES AT LOGGERHEADS IN HUNGARY

One result of the dissension between Hapsburg supporters and Horthy supporters in the Hungarian Parliament is a general airing of the so-called 'white' atrocities in that country. Representative Beniczky, a Hapsburgist leader whom we have recently quoted editorially in the *Living Age*, recently presented a series of sensational charges against the Horthy administration in Parliament, in which he accused the authorities: —

1. Of spreading sensational and unfounded rumors of Communist conspiracies, mainly for the purpose of justifying the extravagant expenses of the forces engaged in their suppression.

2. Of fostering, or tolerating, criminal bands, operating as ostensible guardians of public safety, which were responsible for numerous illegal acts and atrocities. He describes some of these atrocities in detail. For instance, thirty-six prisoners were taken from the lock-up in Kecskemet by a detachment commanded by an officer who is mentioned by name, and murdered.

It is claimed that the civil authorities are so intimidated by these lawless military groups, and their patrons in high places, that they do not dare to protest against such acts. This sensational speech concluded with the following interpellation: —

1. Is the government prepared to provide that the citizens who, without distinction of confession, have been driven from their homes [in communities mentioned, between the Danube and the Theiss] shall be permitted to return to them? Is it prepared to give such persons legal protection and to guarantee that they shall not be assassinated, plundered, or maltreated?

2. Is the government prepared to restore law and order generally in the district between the Danube and the Theiss? Particularly, is it prepared to suppress the constant assassinations, robberies, and extortions committed by the bandit companies which I have mentioned?

3. Still more specifically, is the government prepared to order the immediate arrest of Ivan Hejjas and Ferdinand Pataki, both retired first lieutenants, and of their accomplices [designated by name], and to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bring them to trial before an impartial, unintimidated Hungarian tribunal?

*

CRITICIZING AUSTRALIA

HENRY STEAD, who edits the old Australian *Review of Reviews* under the new title, *Stead's*, discusses in the two June issues of this magazine the white Australia policy and the administration of Australia's South Sea mandates. His argument is that the white race will not live in Australia's tropical Northern Territory, but that the Commonwealth cannot permit colored races to take possession of that region. In other words, it must lie fallow, or scantily occupied, as at present. He argues that Australia should devote its efforts and resources to increasing the white population of its temperate states, and cease wasting millions of dollars every year in a fruitless effort to make white people grow in a hopeless environment.

He criticizes, with abundant citation of text and figures, the Commonwealth's administration of former German New Guinea — all to the advantage of the Germans. He says the higher German officials were better educated, and better prepared for their work than the men whom the Commonwealth has put in charge. Especially was the German medical service superior. Rather contrary to our idea of German bureaucracy, the number of officials has multiplied since the Teutons were evicted. Consequently, all the expenses of government have risen. This is reflected in taxation, and thereby in the cost of production of colonial produce, especially copra. The Australian administration is charged with driving out experienced German settlers, whom the Dutch government is eagerly inviting to start life again in Dutch New Guinea, where the authorities extend them every inducement to erect new homes and make new fortunes. He reports that the Australian whites do not benefit by driving out the Germans, as the place of the latter is immediately taken by the Chinese. 'If a German must surrender his schooner, not very much later it is being sailed by a Chinaman. . . . The more well-to-do Germans owned motor-cars. Their cars were seized (at the time of the war), but have now passed into Chinese hands.'

*

IRELAND'S TAXES

APROPOS of the financial side of any political settlement between Great Britain and Ireland, the London *Statist* quotes from the report of the British government's Financial Relations Commission of 1894–96, as follows: 'Whilst the actual tax-revenue of Ireland is about one eleventh of that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any of us as exceeding one twentieth.' Since this report was rendered, the revenues collected in Ireland have risen from less than twelve million pounds sterling per annum, to more than forty-two million. However, this does not, according to the *Statist*, include all the taxes paid by that country. Many articles consumed there, such as sugar, tea, tobacco, and wine, are taxed when they are imported into Great Britain, and this tax is ultimately paid by the Irish consumer. A share of the income taxes, super-taxes and excess-profits duties collected in Great Britain is levied upon incomes and profits received from Ireland. Excise taxes upon beer and spirits manufactured in Great Britain are also in part paid by Irish consumers. After allowing for certain set-offs, due to taxes collected on goods produced in Ireland and consumed in Great Britain, the balance against Ireland remains large, and it is estimated that the total revenue collected from that country in 1919–20, by the British

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government, was considerably more than fifty million pounds.

Only a portion of this revenue is expended in Ireland itself, the amount in 1919–20 falling considerably under thirty million pounds. The balance, equivalent to about one hundred million dollars in American currency, is a net contribution to the Imperial treasury.

✽

MINOR NOTES

JAPAN has encouraged many of the Germans who fought against her troops at Tsingtao to settle in that country and Korea, where their technical skill makes them valuable aids in the transition from Oriental to Occidental industrial methods. Some half-dozen of these Germans are now farming three thousand acres of hitherto untilled land in Korea. Japanese capitalists have advanced steam-ploughs and other up-to-date agricultural machinery, and the first crop of soya beans and peanuts has already been harvested. All profits above five per cent are to be shared equally between the farmers and the Japanese capitalists who finance them.

Japan has a 'Society for the Improvement of the Ways of Living' which, at a recent convention, discussed a proposed campaign for improving the native hotel-service in that country. Among the reforms advocated are: making separate charges for rooms and meals; abolishing tips to the managers, but not to the servants; requiring that meals be served at regular hours; tight partitions between guest-rooms; better sanitation; abolition of the custom of the sexes bathing together; and that 'arrangements in hotels shall be gradually shifted in the direction of using chairs.'

L'Industria, an important technical journal printed in Milan, estimates that, if the 200,000 railway-workers in Italy were each employed in driving ten-ton trucks for eight hours a day, for three hundred working days a year, they would transport nearly five times as much freight a mile per annum as the Italian railways now carry.

THE Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers' Association of Great Britain has submitted a scheme, which has been approved by the Board of Trade, for standardizing the manufacture of men's and boys' clothing and regulating prices. It has been arranged to have the woolen mills make a certain quantity of standard fabrics, which will be allocated to the members of the Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers' Association at a fixed price, approved by a sub-committee. The clothiers will make up this cloth in standard sizes, and supply retailers at uniform rates — for instance 67*s.* 6*d.* for men's suits which are to retail at 90 shillings. Prices will be revised from time to time, as experience dictates.

MR. ALFRED INKPIN, Secretary of the Communist Party in Great Britain, has recently been sentenced to six months' hard labor. *The New Witness* calls this sentence as 'savage as it is impolitic,' adding that the 'theses' for which Mr. Inkpin has been punished, which are of the dullest description and have been read by a negligible number of people, would have escaped the attention of even this small minority had it not been for their advertisement by the trial. According to this weekly, all the members of the Communist Party of Great Britain — some seventy persons — are now in jail.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERMANY TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY SIR PHILIP GIBBS

From *The Review of Reviews, July–August*
(British Liberal Current-Affairs Monthly)

I went to Germany last month to find out what was happening there. Newspaper accounts were rather confusing. The question 'Will Germany Pay?' argued mostly with passionate and unreliable arithmetic, had been temporarily answered by Dr. Wirth and a new German Cabinet, with a solemn agreement to pay, under the pressure of military menace.

Facts were not forthcoming to convince any impartial mind that Germany *could* pay, even if she agreed; or what would be the effect upon world-trade if her people succeeded in fulfilling their pledges.

What I desired most to know, what I think is the most important knowledge in Europe to-day, was the method or possibility by which Germany may be able, not only to restore her own economic health after the enormous exhaustion of war and defeat, but to pay the bill of costs presented by the victor nations. I wanted to see with my own eyes how the German people were living and working, and to discover what they thought about the burdens that have been imposed upon them. I wanted to get from different angles of opinion, and from various statements of fact, the evidence upon which one may form a fair judgment as to the present state of Germany and its future place in Europe.

Certainly I was able to collect in Berlin an immense number of facts and figures and opinions. I had long interviews with bankers, business men, and political chiefs, including Stresemann, leader of the Deutsches Volkspartei — the German People's Party, which is of great and ever-growing importance — and Scheidemann, leader of the Majority Socialists. I also obtained much information from our own experts, by which I was able to check or confirm the German statements.

Yet, looking back on the muster of facts which I accumulated, I find them dull compared with much simpler information that I acquired by walking through the streets, the shops, and the parks of Berlin, and talking to a few German middle-class folk about their way of life and their household accounts. One's own personal impressions count more than statistics, and my first — and final — impressions of Berlin were the revelation of a great change that had happened to the German people since I had last met them, and of a still greater difference between their spirit and that of the English people.

When I went first into Germany after the Armistice, the people seemed rather stupefied by what had befallen them. All their faith had been shattered by the downfall of their armies, and they were afraid of Revolution, and hopelessly uncertain of the future. Many of them, especially the women and children, were still suffering from the effects of long under-feeding; prices of food, clothing, and other necessities of life were above the reach of the working-folk; demobilized soldiers were not yet assimilated into civil life; and the spirit of the people was dejected and despairing.

Now, in Berlin, the general appearance of the people is not miserable, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cheerful; not dejected, but alert and confident. One does not see crowds of listless unemployed men hanging about Labor Exchanges or rattling collecting boxes in the faces of the passers-by. One sees crowds of men stepping out briskly, obviously employed, well-dressed, well-fed, keen on their jobs, doing good business. In the hotels little groups of them come for conversation at all hours of the day. They bring little black satchels under their arms, take out bundles of papers, specifications, prices, quotations. They are not there for love-in-idleness, to lounge away an hour or two. They are there for business. They are getting orders. . . .

It is clear that most of the middle-class folk in Berlin are earning not only sufficient to make both ends meet, but also a little margin for the fun of life.

I went one evening to Luna Park, which is a sort of White City on a large scale, of Futurist design and decoration, like a bad dream. Around the arena where the band plays and fireworks go up when darkness falls, there is an open-air restaurant in terraces, with seating capacity for 50,000 people. The night I went there, just an ordinary night without special significance, practically all those seats were filled, by people drinking light beer, eating ices, sipping 'soft' drinks or coffee. Many were clerks, typists, shop-girls, middle-class fathers and mothers with their elder children, and I reckoned by watching the tables nearest to me that each person was spending from five to fifteen marks — which roughly, not only in rates of exchange but in German purchasing value, is fivepence to 1*s.* 3*d.* — on this evening's recreation. Others were spending more in side-shows, on 'flip-flaps' and 'wiggly-woggles,' on lotteries for chocolates and cheap prizes. They were all well-behaved, orderly, good-natured, and cheery. There was nothing wrong with *that* crowd!

'How is it,' I asked a German lady, 'that these people are able to spend so much on an evening's amusement, when from all I hear their wages are so low?'

This lady, who had been long in America and looks upon her own folk with a detached judgment, answered me candidly.

'I often wonder how they manage. It is wonderful! But unless you take away a false impression, you must look into the facts of their home-life. In the first place, there is such great overcrowding in Berlin that young folk, and old folk for that matter, must come out to a place like this to breathe and get elbow-room. So they stint and scrape at home, to get the evening's pleasure. Then they pool their resources. If there is an elder brother, with perhaps two sisters, all working together, and living with their parents, they manage pretty well. The hard cases are where a girl, or a young man, has to live alone on a single salary. Then it is utterly impossible.'

Nevertheless, there were 50,000 people at Luna Park, and in other parts of the city other thousands crowding the cafés and concert-halls. Most of the girls were cheaply dressed, in cotton frocks and hand-made things, but neat and dainty. Some of the men I noticed were still wearing their old field-gray uniforms, devoid of shoulder-straps and military buttons; but most of them were in good civil suits, threadbare but well brushed.

A somewhat similar crowd I found in Reinhardt's great theatre, the Gross Schauspielhaus, which was once a market-place, now covered in and made like a rock cavern, with stalactites hanging from the roof. They were playing *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with rollicking good humor in a Teutonic spirit (Robin Goodfellow was a German elf and Oberon a kind of Lohengrin); but I was as much interested in the audience

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and in the prices. The audience, sitting in rapt attention, numbered 5,000, and they were rather superior in social standing to those at Luna Park. They paid less for their evening's recreation. My seat — one of the best in the house — cost me one shilling and twopence. Most of the seats cost no more than sixpence, — so that in Berlin the theatres have not shut up shop like those in London, — and in Berlin and all German cities that I know there are far more opportunities for social recreation than in our cities, for people of moderate means.

What I tried next to find was, how much people in Germany were being paid for their work, and how their wages correspond with the cost of life. These are simple figures to obtain, so far as the first part of the inquiry goes. The German workingman in Krupp's factories, and others, is paid 60 marks a day. At the old value of the mark that would be three pounds. At the present value, inside Germany itself, I reckon it as five shillings.

For an eight-hour day it works out at 7½d. [15 cents] an hour, compared with the 1s. 9d. to 2s. 6d. [42–60 cents] an hour of the mechanic in Great Britain.

Walking down the streets of Berlin and looking in at the shop-windows, or visiting a great store like Wertheim, gives one a fair notion of current prices. A pair of boots of good quality is 180 marks, or (reckoning the mark at a penny) 15 shillings. A shirt is anywhere from 60 to 120 marks according to quality, or from five to ten shillings, on this reckoning. In fact, taking many articles of daily use, one finds that the mark does actually correspond in purchasing power to the penny, with some margin in favor of the German, as at that reckoning the cost of life is undoubtedly cheaper in Germany than in England, for many classes of manufactured articles. Books, for instance, are astonishingly cheap, and immensely better in quality of production than anything published in England. With splendid paper, strong and well-designed bindings, charming illustrations, the world's classics translated into German are published at 8½*d.* a volume and new novels are sold at 1*s.* 6*d.* a volume. China, metal goods, embroidered work, household utensils, manufactured articles of all kinds, are amazingly low in price, not only at current rates of exchange between German and English money, but also relative to the internal purchasing value of the mark. The German workingman, on 60 marks a day, gets almost enough to eat (never enough meat), almost enough to support a wife and small family, almost enough to make him satisfied with his job. By strict attention to economy, he can squeeze out a few marks for the simple pleasures of his leisure hours, which consist mostly in light beer and light music in some public garden or beer-hall.

The professional classes, and the clerical classes (city clerks, typists, etc.) are not so well off relatively as the mechanics and laborers. Whereas the cost of living has increased from eight to ten times, the salaries of professors, teachers, civil servants, and others have only risen from four to six times. It is they who are most pinched, and reduced to desperate straits in order to 'keep up appearances.'

Now, upon the great mass of cheap labor German capitalists are building up a new and intensive system of industrial organization, beyond anything the world has previously seen in efficiency and driving power. Hugo Stinnes and his great trust, controlling a vast monopoly in coal, iron, and steel, of whom there has been so much talk, because he represents most powerfully this new phase of German energy, is only one of a score of magnates who practically

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

control the whole industrial life of Germany, and are the real rulers of the State. Their method is what is described as the creation of 'vertical' trusts. That is to say, by a combination and pooling of many companies in possession of raw material and industrial plant, they build up an immense production of manufactured articles which have that raw material as their basis.

Thus the great munition works of Krupp, entirely engaged in the production of guns and armaments during the war, on a colossal scale, read the lesson of defeat, and within a few months after the Armistice, adapted their plant and their organizing genius in a marvelous way to the requirements of peace. They are now making engines and machinery of all kinds, agricultural implements, cash registers, safety-razors, and any kind of article in iron and steel for which there is a world market. The General Electricity Company is also developing its energy with gigantic strides, reaching out to 'neutral' countries, and absorbing many industrial concerns of which the basis of activity is coal and iron and electrical power, in Austria, Hungary, and other countries.

These great trusts are already capturing the world's markets, and have already succeeded in recovering some of the pre-war prosperity of German trade — which is almost a miracle, considering the ruin of the German economic system by the exhaustion of a bloody and unsuccessful war, the loss of colonies, shipping, and foreign property, the loss of man-power, and the deterioration of machinery, railways, and rolling stock.

Amazing as all this is, however, one must not exaggerate the actual results. Germany is not rolling in wealth, as some observers have reported. Apart altogether from her international debts, — leaving on one side altogether the gigantic payments of the indemnities which she has undertaken, — her industry and commerce are about two thirds normal compared with the pre-war standard. Her imports of cotton amount to nearly half of those in 1913. Her coal output during the first four months of this year was 44,500,000 tons compared with 57,000,000 tons in the same period of 1913.

Half the amount of pre-war tonnage (largely under foreign flags) is now coming into the port of Hamburg.

Steadily German trade is increasing in nearly all countries. In South America her volume of trade increased by 20 per cent in February of this year compared with the same month last year, whereas South American trade with all other countries decreased that month by 50 per cent. In 1919 Germany sent to the United States $10,000,000 worth of goods, in 1920 she sent $88,000,000 worth, and this year the increase is immensely more. In the automobile industry she has knocked Great Britain out of the market in European countries, and her exports to Switzerland alone in motor-cars, cycles, and accessories are sixty times more than ours.

All this is a sign of industrial and commercial recovery, astounding as a proof of energy, industry, and organized efficiency after the shock of national defeat. But those German people who have put up such a tremendous fight for their old place in the world are now confronted with the necessity of paying indemnities to the victor nations, which will test their power of recovery to the uttermost and demand new and unprecedented efforts. It is not going to be easy for them to pay. If they succeed, it will be the greatest industrial adventure ever undertaken by any people in the world. To succeed, they must increase their volume of exports at least four times, which would be an achievement unrivaled in the industrial history of the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can they do that, and if they do, what will be the effect upon other nations?

The answer to the first part of that question was given to me by Scheidemann among others, as it has been given to the world by Walther Rathenau, the German Minister of Reconstruction, who said boldly, 'We can pay!' and by the Communist deputies in the Reichstag, who, addressing the Right, cried out, 'You have gambled, you have lost, you must pay!' That the German leaders and people are determined to pay their war-burdens if humanly possible is certain; and from what they told me I think they believe with confidence that they can do so, on certain conditions. Scheidemann, whom I saw in the presence of Dr. Helphand, a millionaire Socialist who acts as his secretary and interpreter, outlined those conditions. This leader of the Majority Socialists is still a great power in German political life. A tall handsome man, with silver hair and a little white 'imperial,' like a French painter, as he seemed to me in his linen suit when I met him in Dr. Helphand's country house, outside Berlin. He represents the conservative spirit of German labor, which voted the war-credits, fulfilled all sacrifices, and was utterly loyal in its allegiance to the imperial dictates of its war lords until defeat was acknowledged. Then Scheidemann helped to found the Republic upon conservative traditions which were in direct opposition to the spirit of revolution.

His view of Germany's future was optimistic, on the condition that his country should be given peace and fair play by France and England. On that understanding, he has not much doubt that Germany would fulfill the terms of payment. By the demobilization of the army they were saving 1,800,000,000 of gold marks annually, which would go some way to pay off the yearly tribute. They could save other sums by restricting imports of luxuries and by more efficient organization. With intensive production and rapid trade-development of countries like Russia, they could pay their bill of costs in full, provided they were helped and not hindered. If Upper Silesia, or the Ruhr, were taken, Germany would be crippled and put out of business. But if the Allies, and above all the United States, were prepared to give Germany a free and full chance, she would wipe out all debts. They must have credit and capital to renew the wear and tear of machinery and rolling stock, enormously depreciated during the war, and to develop their industrial possibilities. Russia was waiting for them. As soon as she returned to ordinary methods of business, Germany would be ready also to supply her with machinery, engines, agricultural implements, and every necessity of civilized life, so repairing her ruined state. By geographical position, said Scheidemann, that task of Russian reconstruction would inevitably come to the German people; but they would only be able to do it in full measure, to the benefit of the whole world, if they were supported by the credit of America, Great Britain, and other countries. German labor and organization would repay such credit by good interest, the payment of all war-debts, and the revival of world trade. That is Scheidemann's hope for Germany, and he believes that it is also the chance for Europe, whose common interests would be served.

Stresemann, the leader of the German People's Party, and the political representative of Hugo Stinnes, the Trust King, is less confident than Scheidemann of Germany's economic future. After a long conversation on the political aspect of Europe, in which he protested against the French habit of poking up the furnace fires of hate by 'incessant insults' against the German

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people, he went at length into the question of reparations. He held the view that, after a few years, during which Germany will desperately endeavor to fulfill her pledges, the European peoples will realize the folly of maintaining such abnormal conditions in world-trade, and will call another Conference to revise the whole Treaty of Peace. They will develop a scheme of international economic union, by which the interests of all nations will be secured by some better arrangement than destructive competition and monstrous abnormalities. Stresemann's own opinion is that the war-debt of the world could be wiped out in a few years by a small tax on raw material, like coal or cotton, paid by all purchasers and put into a common international pool for that purpose.

From what I have written, condensing very briefly the results of my visit to Berlin, it will be seen that in my opinion Germany will make a serious endeavor to fulfill her pledges, and is in a fair way, if she retains the resources of her raw material in Upper Silesia and elsewhere, to capture the industrial supremacy of Europe. Her people are working harder than any others, at lower wages, and with more efficient organization. They have, as I said, been braced by defeat, whereas the victor nations, and above all Great Britain, have been slackened by victory.

But one other question remains. It has already been asked by Mr. Reginald McKenna. What will happen to British trade if Germany pays her indemnities in the only way possible — by an immense increase of exports? The very fulfillment of her pledges will ruin the countries receiving payment by the destruction of their own export trade. So we reach the monstrous paradox that in shouting, 'Make Germany pay!' we were insisting upon our own ruin. The only cure for the present sickness of world-trade is to return to normal conditions of imports balancing exports, and of a free and natural flow of trade.

BEFORE THE LIFE-MASK OF KEATS

BY ALFRED NOYES

[*To-Day*]

They stood like pilgrims in some holy place,
Father and daughter — she with a wistful smile;
He with a grave compassion in his face,
Gazing at that young life-mask for a while.

She looked as Flora might, at seventeen years,
Her warm breast pulsing with the heart of spring;
While, in her father's gaze, the brooding tears
Remembered, with the dead, how youth takes wing.

I wished that Keats could see her; but his eyes
Were closed to all the yearning in her own,
Closed to the young moon stooping from her skies.
He slept, more deeply than Endymion;
Slept, with those painted shadows of the great,
Loved by the world, a hundred years too late.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. BALFOUR ON THE LEAGUE

[This is a verbatim report of Mr. Balfour's important speech on the aims and work of the League of Nations, delivered before the representatives of the United Kingdom, the Dominions, and India, at the time of the Imperial Conference in London.]

From *The London Telegraph, July* 13
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

I HAVE always been a League-of-Nations man, long before the League of Nations came into existence, and an experience now extending over one or two years has not only strengthened my conviction that the League of Nations is necessary, but also, I am sorry to say, my fears that it is an institution in many respects difficult to work. Perhaps I might begin by explaining where I think the special difficulties lie, before I go on to show how much the League has already done, and how hard it would be to create any other authority to take its place. It is true that some of our difficulties are only temporary. The statesmen who at Paris framed the Covenant of the League undoubtedly assumed that the Treaty of Versailles would rapidly and effectually settle the new frontiers, and redistribute territories in accordance with the wishes of the populations concerned, leaving to the League of Nations the relatively simple duty of maintaining rights clearly established, and preventing national differences from developing into national wars.

Everybody knows that these hopes have not as yet been completely fulfilled. The Treaty of Sèvres is still in dispute, and even the Treaty of Versailles has not been fully carried out. One of the most important objects, for example, of the latter was the determination of the boundaries of Poland. But the boundaries of Poland remain still unsettled. Another problem was the status of Galicia. But the status of Galicia is still unsettled. Now everything that leaves Middle Europe in a perturbed condition really requires the League of Nations to deal with a situation never contemplated by those who framed the Covenant under which the League has to do its work.

Another thing that was perhaps not fully considered by the framers of the Covenant was the difficulty of dealing with semi-civilized populations in territories not under mandate. For instance, at the last assembly one of the problems that excited most interest was the problem of Armenia. The assembly was deeply moved, but quite helpless. Nothing effectual was done, nothing effectual could be done. The League could only make appeals in favor of a population which it was quite powerless to protect.

Perhaps, however, the most serious difference between the League as it was planned and the League as it exists arises out of the absence from its ranks of three of the greatest nations of the world, two of which are not, so far as we can see at the moment, very likely to join it in the near future — I mean America and Russia. I hope that Germany will at no very distant date become a member. But Russia will come in only when she has ceased to be what for the moment she is. And whether the Soviet Government endures or perishes, she is likely for some time to come to be a disturbing influence in the East of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe, which it will be difficult for the League of Nations to guide and control. These embarrassments are in their nature temporary; but there are others — due to the constitution of the League itself. There is the difficulty, for example, of manning the Council and the Assembly. This is partly the effect of the immense distances which separate many members of the League from our meeting-place in Geneva; but partly also, it is due to the fact that the statesmen best qualified by their position to deal with League problems, namely, the Prime Ministers and the Foreign Secretaries of the various nations, cannot possibly make a regular practice of attending its meetings.

Another difficulty which presents itself in our attempts to use the full machinery of the League is due to money. We made an attempt in 1920 to obtain funds by voluntary subscription from members of the League, in order to deal with typhus in Poland and the East of Europe. Typhus was at that time, and I fear still is, not merely a great misfortune to the countries bordering upon Russia, the great centre of the infection, but a menace also to nations lying farther to the west. Poland was, according to our information, making every effort to deal with this danger; the Council came to the conclusion that she should be supported, and we therefore issued an appeal for funds to the members of the League. The appeal was on the whole a failure, a failure partly due no doubt to the financial difficulties which beset the whole world, partly to the fact that most members of the League were remote from the peril with which we were endeavoring to deal. In some cases very liberal subscriptions were offered, but on the whole it was clear that, at least in existing circumstances, such appeals were not likely to succeed.

It is indeed evident that, under the Parliamentary system, the expenditure of the League will always present an easy object of attack. The gain to the world of international coöperation is immense, but it cannot be allocated with any definiteness between the coöperating nations. It is always, therefore, easy for a Parliamentary critic to ask what advantage his particular nation derives from the expenditure which it is called upon to make, and in these days of universal poverty such questions fall upon sympathetic ears. If this very natural frame of mind is permitted to dominate policy, manifestly the League will perish. Some common sacrifice, however slight, is required if any common effort is to be successful. I believe this danger is not negligible, though I am sanguine enough to think that it will be successfully surmounted.

So far I have dwelt upon the obstacles which thwart and may even imperil the success of this great experiment. Let me now say a few words upon some of the reasons which require all men of good-will to do their best to make it a success; and here I can appeal not merely to speculative theory, but to actual experience. The League has been in existence since January 10, 1920, say, about a year and a half. In that time it has had to create its machinery, to organize its methods, and to devise means for pursuing what is without doubt a new adventure in the history of mankind. One would have thought that these facts alone would mollify the sternest critic, and that no one would be so unreasonable as to expect, in the first eighteen months during which this infant institution has been in existence, the full authority and efficiency which only time can bring. But even these eighteen months are sufficient, in my opinion, to show to any impartial observer how valuable the League of Nations can be, and how im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

potent any other organization would be to fill its place.

I am the last person to deride what is commonly called 'the old diplomacy.' The old diplomacy has for many generations done much in the cause of peace, and those who see in it merely a costly method of embittering international relations and snatching national advantages, completely misread the lessons of history. But there are assuredly many things which the League of Nations has even now shown that it can do, which diplomacy could scarcely attempt, and which it certainly could not attempt with success.

Let us consider them under three heads. The first of these is common international effort for objects which all admit to be good, but which are the special business of no nation in particular. For example, there are abuses which have to be stopped — the traffic in opium, the illegitimate traffic in arms, the traffic in women and children. With all these objects there had been attempts to deal before the League came into existence. They have not always been satisfactory, sometimes they have been wholly ineffectual. I cannot doubt that a far greater measure of success will attend the organized effort of the nations of the world, acting through the League organism, than by any machinery which diplomacy could possibly set up.

If, again, we turn from abuses which have to be stopped to objects which it is desirable to promote, we learn the same lesson. Consider, for example, the International Court of Justice. The establishment of such a court has long been the desire of statesmen; many efforts have been made to create it; but these efforts have invariably failed, and we may surely congratulate ourselves on the fact that the International Court is now in process of creation through the efforts of the League.

Again, the great conference which met at Barcelona, under the auspices of the League, to consider the question of international transit by railways, rivers, and other waterways, obviously dealt with an international problem of the first magnitude. It was the creation of the League, and without the League could hardly have come into being.

But consider another and yet more pressing subject — the economic condition of Europe, and of the world. We have obtained peace, but we have not yet obtained the fruits of peace. The decay of credit, and the paralysis of production imperil the whole industrial system of the civilized world. I do not suggest that for so great an evil the League of Nations could provide any sufficient remedy: but some contribution it has been able to make to the solution of these difficulties, a contribution which, however modest, could, so far as I can see, have been made by no other method.

A financial conference was summoned by the League at Brussels in the course of last year. The conference made some suggestions of great value. These we are endeavoring to apply, particularly in the case of Austria; and any measure of success which we can obtain will have beneficial effects not only in Austria itself, but throughout the whole industrial world. Every part of that world is more or less organically connected with every other part; and what is required now is that this economic organism, paralyzed and well-nigh destroyed by war, should resume once more its vigorous activities.

But there is another and wholly different set of functions thrown upon the League by the Treaty of Versailles — functions which cannot be carried out at all by any single power, nor carried out effectually so far as I can see, except by the League itself. I refer to the government of certain exceptional

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

areas, which are not the less important, from an international point of view, because they happen to be small. I refer to the town of Danzig and the valley of the Sarre.

The town of Danzig is economically inseparable from Poland, but in population is predominantly German. The war divided it politically from Germany, while the Treaty of Peace recognized its intimate relations with Poland. At the same time its independent existence as a separate and autonomous community under the protection of the League was fully secured. The League is responsible for maintaining its constitution, though not for framing it. But the Council felt that it could not undertake to maintain it without satisfying itself that it was just and workable. In its view the Constitution, as originally designed, was neither just nor workable. But through the efforts of the Council, fundamental changes are in process of accomplishment, which will, I trust, secure the good government of the city and promote the most amicable relations with the Polish Hinterland.

The other area in connection with which the League is specially responsible is the Sarre Valley. The Sarre Valley is an industrial area, mostly German in population, lying on the French frontier, and intimately connected with adjacent French territories. By the Treaty of Peace it is, for fifteen years, to be governed by a council appointed by the League, and reporting to it, after which, by means of a plebiscite, it is to determine its own destiny.

So far as I am able to judge, the very difficult problem which such an area presents is being dealt with in a fashion at least as satisfactory as we have any right to expect. On the whole, the valley is orderly, industrious, and contented.

Other duties touching questions of administration are thrown upon the League, in connection with mandates. I will not argue whether the system of mandates is a good one or a bad one. On this point opinions differ; but the system is there. It is prescribed by the Treaty of Versailles, and it represents the deliberate policy of the Allied and Associated Powers in dealing with what were once German territories outside Europe. An essential part of that system is that the procedure of the Mandatory Powers in connection with mandated territories shall be subject to some kind of international survey. This work has been entrusted to the League of Nations, and I believe that only the League of Nations can perform it. But at present no forecast can be made as to the way in which this system will work.

The last heading under which I will consider our activities is, perhaps, the most important of all. It deals more immediately than any of the others with those international differences which it is the main business of the League to heal. We are sometimes asked what the League has done to promote good-will among the nations. I am anxious not to overstate the case, but it seems to me that during the eighteen months of its existence our record is far from being barren.

I begin with a case which, if the League of Nations had not been in existence, could hardly have ended satisfactorily, though it involved no questions of territory. It seems that during the war large numbers of Jews from the northern portions of what was then the Empire of Austria took refuge in Vienna. After the peace the Austrian Government desired to compel their return to their original homes, now no longer in Austrian territory. The Poles objected. A bitter controversy ensued, and the subject came before the Council of the League of Nations. After a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good deal of discussion, an arrangement was come to, acceptable to both parties, and not unfavorable to the Jewish population concerned.

There is a much larger question which the Council of the League are endeavoring to settle, and unfortunately final success has not yet crowned their efforts. I refer to the group of problems arising out of the relations between Poland and Lithuania. The subject is far too complicated to be dealt with here, but it may be proper to say that, in consequence of an appeal to the League, hostilities between these two countries were stopped, and a scheme determining their future relations is now being discussed in Brussels by the parties principally concerned, under the able guidance of Hymans, the Belgian representative on the Council, who is acting on behalf of the League. Whether these efforts will end in an arrangement both amicable and permanent, it would be premature to say; but I am confident that even a modest measure of success, already attained, would have been beyond the powers of anybody possessing less authority than the League of Nations.

About the dispute between Sweden on the one side and Finland on the other, concerning the Aaland Islands, I can speak with more confidence; and in this case a controversy involving the most complicated questions of international law and ethics has been finally settled. The Aaland Islands are Swedish by population; historically and juridically they form part of Finland. The whole subject was investigated on the spot by an International Commission appointed by the League, which, like some other of its commissions, enjoyed the advantage of having on it an American representative. Their elaborate report was unanimous. They decided that the Aaland Islands belonged to Finland; but they used their good offices to secure the largest possible measure of autonomy for the Swedish population affected by their decision. We have evidence that this concession, voluntarily granted by the Government of Finland, would never have been obtained at the instance of any external power other than a League of which Finland, in common with most civilized powers, was itself a member. It would be difficult to find a clearer instance of the manner in which, under favorable circumstances, the League may contribute to the cause of international peace.

Two further observations I will permit myself before concluding. The first is that, if the League were to dissolve, a new Peace Treaty would have to be framed, and new machinery would have to be devised for carrying out the duties with which the League has been entrusted. The second observation is especially addressed to the British critics of the League. They must be well aware that for many generations the main anxiety of British statesmen in their Continental policy has been to preserve the peace, and to prevent the domination of any particular power over its weaker neighbors. Those two aims have not always been compatible, and the first has had more than once to be abandoned in order to obtain the second. They were not compatible, for example, in 1914; but if the League of Nations reaches its full strength and stature, if it be supported by the great moral forces of the world, peace and national independence will be secured without resort to arms.

If in the future there should again arise a power greedy of domination, it will find itself confronted, not merely by defensive alliances between a few interested states, but by the organized forces of the civilized world. If that hope is to be accomplished, it can be only by a League of Nations; and when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I consider the services already rendered, or in course of being rendered, to the cause of international coöperation by the League, mutilated though it be by the absence from its membership of some who might have been among its most powerful supporters, I cannot doubt that few calamities would be greater than the abandonment of the great experiment to which we have set our hand.

Should that calamity occur, it is not in the lifetime of this generation that a serious effort will again be made to substitute the rule of justice in international affairs for that of force; and the horrors of five years of war will have been endured in vain.

LUDENDORFF AND CLEMENCEAU

BY M. A. ALDAVOV

From *Sovremenniya Zapiski, June 5*, 1921
(Paris Russian Liberal Monthly)

I

Something sombre, ominous, and heavy settles over you as you open General Ludendorff's two-volume work, which bears the simple title, *Memoirs of the War*. You feel yourself in the immediate presence of German militarism incarnated in one man.

In August, 1914, an unknown colonel drives in an automobile to one of the forts of Liége and orders the garrison to surrender. The defenders of the fort yield without a shot. The courageous colonel is given a responsible post. Two years later he becomes the dictator of four empires, exercising limitless power and enjoying unbounded popularity. And two years after that, he is forced to flee from Germany, to which he has brought crushing defeat and revolution. There is something Shakespearean in the fate of this man. And it is natural that a book written by a Shakespearean hero arouses a certain interest, even if the hero happens to be a man who has had his day. But grave doubts are entertained in some quarters as to this last assumption. Many of his fellow countrymen still believe that Ludendorff is a hero, not only of the past, but also of the future.

The memoirs of the famous German general are not the defense of a man who has suffered defeat. They are an indictment of those Germans — Ludendorff scarcely blames his enemies for anything — whose weakness, or stupidity, prevented Germany from being victorious, and a profession of scorn for everything resembling democracy.

It is not so easy to say definitely in what Ludendorff believes and what he loves. Of course, the official formula of his faith is the classical *Gott, Koenig und Vaterland*. But if you inquire closely, it is difficult to establish the exact connection between Ludendorff and each of the three elements of this creed.

As to his relation with *Gott*, the former dictator appears indifferent. Even Bismarck, in his old age, mumbled something about his complicated ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

count with his Deity, which was overburdened on the debit side by the eight hundred thousand lives lost in his wars. Nowadays such worries do not disturb anyone, Ludendorff least of all. He has not reached the stage of contrition, and most probably never will. He feels that his conscience is clear, and he asks no amnesty from God. While Wilhelm II used to speak of God as a major-general might speak of a lieutenant-general, Ludendorff makes no attempt to establish between himself and God either friendly relations or official subordination.

No less peculiar are the feelings inspired in Ludendorff by his *Koenig*, by that 'bloody Kaiser' who, in November, 1918, at the first sign of revolution, following the formula established by Napoleon I at Fontainebleau, and 'in order to save the country from the horrors of a civil war,' abdicated and fled to Holland, without firing a shot — in doing which, he showed much wisdom. Ludendorff complies scrupulously with every demand of monarchist etiquette. Nowhere does he say anything derogatory of the Kaiser. But it is apparent that his respect is for the monarch's office, not for its former incumbent. Ludendorff wastes no esteem on the Kaiser personally. To him the Kaiser is a man of 'the post-Bismarck epoch,' which is for him a crushing epithet. Ludendorff scarcely goes to the trouble of concealing his contempt for the Kaiser as a man.

Finally, what of the *Vaterland*? There can be no doubt as to Ludendorff's love for his country. But the idea of the fatherland, just as the idea of the monarch, has with him a purely abstract significance. It is perfectly apparent that for the sake of this ideal *Deutschland-Preussen*, he would not hesitate to send to death millions of real living Germans; as he did during the war. But, to be just to him, we must say that he did not spare himself, either. The list of the millions of Germans whom he had sent to death for the sake of his abstract *Deutschland-Preussen*, contains the names of both his sons. To the death of his second son, who was lost in 1918, during the drive on the Somme, Ludendorff devotes the following laconic statement: —

> On a large battlefield there was found a grave with an inscription in English that read as follows: 'Here lie two German aviation officers.' It fell to my lot to recognize my son. Now he rests in German soil. The war did not spare me a single one of its sorrows.

But he immediately notes that the inspection of that battlefield gave him an opportunity to prove to himself the effectiveness of his new offensive tactics. 'France is now traversed by a strip of veritable devastation, several kilometres wide,' he says with undisguised glee. Not only this episode, but the whole book shows that Ludendorff is truly a man of iron. Strictly speaking, he has very little faith in God, his monarch, or his country. But he has an overwhelming faith in himself. And Ludendorff's whole life lies in the four years of the war. The picture of the war, as presented in the *Memoirs*, portrays the general as the only miracle-worker. Hindenburg is a mere sign; the Kaiser is a nonentity; everything is done by Ludendorff, who is constantly — and on occasions, with considerable effect — hampered by the ministers of state.

He has his hand in everything. Side by side with the military staff, he organizes an administrative staff. Supplies, means of communication, sanitation, administration in occupied territories, taxes, industries, trade, justice, police and gendarme service, newspapers, libraries, theatres — everything is run by Ludendorff.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And at the same time he directs his colossal military task. After the Russian army falls to pieces, he begins the organization of the monstrous offensive on the Western front, which is to end the war. On the basis of careful studies of the unsuccessful attempts of the Allies to break through the German front, he works out a new tactics of offensive operations. It is a most complex problem, to be solved only by appealing to all sciences, beginning with mass-psychology and the theory of probabilities, and ending with meteorology and aerial photography. The basis of his plan is the idea of a movable barrage, a steadily rolling wall of fire. Special shock troops are taken to the rear and drilled in the new tactics. Officers are given extra courses of training. Numberless manœuvres and rehearsals take place. In the sight of all, yet in impenetrable secrecy, a colossal thing is being prepared. The army, caught in a mystic desire of world dominion, seethes as in a boiler. In describing the preparations for this monstrous blow, which brought the Allies to the brink of disaster, Ludendorff at times rises to epic heights. In the early spring of 1918, he reports to his Emperor: 'The German Army is ready for the greatest deed in its history.'

On the eve of the opening of the offensive, two soldiers desert to the enemy. The staff suspects that they may disclose to the foe the secret plans of the attack. On the morning of March 20, Ludendorff still hesitates as to whether or not he shall make his last, unprecedented, unheard-of strike. But it is too late to retreat. 'The mass, already brought to white heat, is bound to burst through.' Still, much depends upon the direction of the wind, which is to carry poisonous gases over the enemy's lines. At eleven o'clock in the morning, the chief meteorologist reports that the wind has turned in the direction of the enemy. Ludendorff signs the order for the attack.

It was thus that the last move in the great game began, and — in the course of six months — changed the fate of the world.

The game was lost. Why? Ludendorff's answer is very simple and quite logical from the viewpoint of an incorrigible Prussian officer. The civilians are to blame. The rear is responsible for the defeat.

The Germany of Wilhelm II lacked, at the critical moment, 'either a Bismarck or a Roon.' Moltke, of course, is not mentioned, for Ludendorff himself is his counterpart. This is the central thesis of the *Memoirs*. France won, because she found a Bismarck, Clemenceau. For him Ludendorff has unbounded respect. He says:—

In November, 1917, Clemenceau became President of the Council of Ministers. He was the most energetic man in France. He had lived through 1870–71, and was one of the most determined representatives of the revenge idea. Clemenceau knew very well what he wanted.

All through his book Ludendorff quotes from Clemenceau's speeches, and uses his words to admonish the German statesmen. For example, of Vice-Chancellor Payer he says that his fault lay in not being able to say in September, 1918, the words that Clemenceau used when the Germans were eight kilometres from Paris.

What did the German statesmen lack during the war? They lacked a martial spirit. Who would have thought that they were all pacifists at heart? They were too much concerned with the happiness of mankind, and too little with national might. And pacifists, in Ludendorff's opinion, may be good for anything except the conduct of war. If it had not been for them, he, Ludendorff, would have won.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the greatest crime that Ludendorff ascribes to the ministers of Wilhelm II was their dangerous playing with the Bolsheviki. He considers that they ruined Germany by prolonging more than necessary the farce of befriending the Bolsheviki. The Russian Bolsheviki saved Germany in 1917, but in 1918 they were no longer needed. It was necessary then to forget gratitude, and to cast aside that squeezed and rotting lemon. If we are to believe Ludendorff, he realized from the very start what a danger to Germany was concealed in the Russian contagion, particularly for the German army. The story that he heard from Hetman Skoropadsky, of the disintegration of the Russian army, produced a deep impression upon him. 'The Hetman told me,' he says, 'that he never could understand how the army corps that he commanded in the war suddenly refused to obey. It was a matter of a minute, it seemed. His simple story impressed me most deeply.' Hannibal beheld clearly Hasdrubal's severed head.

The whole Brest-Litovsk farce, engineered by the civilians, was unnecessary, according to Ludendorff. 'At Brest,' he says, 'we did not have a worthy opponent. What must Clemenceau and Lloyd George have thought of Germany's need of peace, when they saw German ministers negotiating with disarmed Russian anarchists?' And when, after the German invasion of Russia and the second Brest conference, the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs under the direction of a certain Kriege, took a pro-Soviet orientation, it was, according to Ludendorff, the first step toward defeat.

I experienced a curious feeling while reading these pages. Anyone who lived in Moscow or Petrograd at that time, and saw the helplessness of the Bolsheviki, knows that nothing would have been easier then than to carry out Ludendorff's plan of marching on Moscow. Of course, from the Russian and the world point of view it might have been a disaster. But it is clear that the whole course of Russian and world history would have been different, if in this case the policy of the General Staff had triumphed over the policy of the German Foreign Office. What and who decide the fate of nations? Who among Russians knows the name of Director Kriege, the man who played such a signal rôle in the fate of Russia?

It is said that the *Memoirs* of the former dictator have become a Bible for the younger generation of Germany. I doubt it. In the first place, this long work is not written well enough for a Bible. Moses was an eminent man of letters, while Ludendorff is not. Moreover, he lacks that which alone crowns a political hero with glory: he lacks success.

And yet it is difficult to say with full confidence that General Ludendorff has reached the end of his career. He is solemnly buried by the present German ministers, who have not as yet worn out the shoes in which they ran away from Berlin before the troops led by Luttwitz and Kapp. In those days, the spectre of German militarism suddenly rose from its grave. It is again buried. Yet its heirs glance back at the grave with obvious anxiety. They repeat too often that the dead are dead. That is a bad symptom—for the heirs, of course.

This does not mean that the French publisher of Ludendorff's *Memoirs* is right when he speaks of the famous general as the future leader of the Teuton-Slavic world in a struggle with the victors of Versailles. It would have been surpassing stupidity for the Slavic world — that is, Russia — to choose for its leader the victor of Tannenberg. Besides, another war to end war, more victories and defeats, more Tannenbergs, Louvains, and Lusitanias, more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brilliant successes of friends and savagery of foes, more ideals of liberation and famous generals — all these will scarcely tempt into new courage those who lived through the *thousand years* that elapsed between 1914 and 1918.

II

If it is difficult to turn back the clock of history, does that mean that history cannot stand still?

Ludendorff's idea has not, apparently, justified itself. Possibly Clemenceau's idea has more chance of success.

His enemies call the former Premier of France a reactionary. They are not right. Clemenceau is not a reactionary; he is a conservative, perhaps the only real conservative of our days. He does not consider it either necessary, or possible, to turn back the clock of history, as Ludendorff tries to do. He merely sees no need for pushing it forward; for he is certain that what is ahead is just as bad as what has been left behind. Ludendorff despises democracy; Clemenceau despises democracy and everything else.

In spite of superficial inconsistencies, Clemenceau's actions have always embodied an unchanging thought, or rather an unconquerable feeling — his deep contempt for men. This Schopenhauer of politics hates the Germans; but he has no particular love for his own countrymen, as if he agreed fully with the opinion of the famous philosopher, that 'every nation plunders every other and each is right.' In Clemenceau's opinion, men will always rob and kill each other, and will always be right, for they are not worthy of a better fate.

How many times in the last few years have we seen the twilight of the political gods! Only recently Woodrow Wilson rolled down from his pedestal. But side by side with this ominous joke of fate, we also see occasionally the exact reverse, as in the case of Clemenceau.

There is no more dangerous reading than that of old newspapers. Political coöperation among men would probably be impossible if they were in the habit of turning back to old newspaper files. Fortunately, they do it very seldom.

On December 20, 1892, an extraordinary session of the French Chamber of Deputies occurred. At the very height of the Panama scandal, Paul Deroulède introduced an interpellation concerning the chief hero of the scandal, Cornelius Hertz.

'Who brought this German into France?' the veteran Deputy shouted to his audience. 'Who brought him forward? Behind the back of this foreigner is a Frenchman, powerful, influential, courageous. You all know who is this indefatigable intermediary; his name is on your lips. But you dare not pronounce it, because there are three things about him that you fear: his sword, his pistol, and his tongue. I shall brave them all three, and shall pronounce his name. It is Clemenceau.'

'Yes, it is you,' he continued, addressing Clemenceau, 'who, to help an external enemy, have disrupted the political life of France. Overturning numberless ministries, pulling down men who are in power, introducing confusion into the minds and beliefs of men by the exercise of your great talents, you have been a support for that external enemy. I am an enemy of parliamentarism, but I do not believe that anyone has ever dealt it greater blows than you.'

Pale as death, Clemenceau ascended the tribune; but he was met by deathly silence. To his figurative appeal: 'To me, my friends,' only one voice replied, that of young Pinchon. Clemenceau felt the effect. Proudly he replied: 'I need no one.'

It is scarcely necessary to say that the accusations against Clemenceau

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were false. Several months later, another Nationalist, Milvois, attempted to discredit Clemenceau. He announced that he would present to the Chamber certain documents, proving that Clemenceau was 'the basest of scoundrels.' Opposition newspapers proclaimed 'the high treason of M. Clemenceau, who has sold himself to England.' Parliament was preparing to kill Clemenceau politically. At the gates of the Parliament building a crowd had gathered to throw Clemenceau into the Seine.

Of course, the whole charge was proved false. The alleged documents were shown to be very crude forgeries, as could be seen even when they were read from the tribune. An unprecedented scandal occurred in the Chamber of Deputies. Milvois was forced to discontinue the reading. And Clemenceau?

'Ah, how Clemenceau laughed then!' says Maurice Barrès, in describing the scene. 'It was an outburst of laughter that could not be restrained. His gestures were wild. He slapped himself on the sides and on the shoulders. He danced on his bench. The least false step, and the onus of it all would have fallen on his own head. He felt it. He sacrificed the excellent speech he had prepared, and, no doubt, would have delivered marvelously.'

All this is ancient history, but interesting, none the less. There is much that is instructive in the history of heroes. One can see more clearly in its light their relations to the crowd. In these forgotten scenes, which are usually passed over in silence by present-day biographers of the famous minister, I seek a key to the understanding of Clemenceau's complex soul.

In spite of his vindication, his career was interrupted for fifteen years. There is a marvelous power in slander. The idol of France, worshiped by the vast majority of the people now, was the most hated man in the country a quarter of a century ago.

'It is but a step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock,' says Count Mirabeau. Clemenceau has traveled that road both ways. His whole romantic life has been passed between those two termini. And who knows? If, during his lifetime, Ludendorff or Lenin should lay his hand on France, Clemenceau might reach the Tarpeian Rock in more than an allegorical sense.

We have all seen him in the Capitol. But at the apex of his glory, in November, 1918, he surely recalled the day at that same Bourbon Palace, when the men who were now prostrating themselves before him called him 'the basest of scoundrels,' and when the mob that now carried him above its head stood there ready to drown him in the Seine. Such experiences, or the hysteric outburst of laughter that crowned them, are never forgotten.

An ex-Minister of France, about two years ago, told the story of how he visited Clemenceau in the darkest period of the war. It was in the spring of 1918. By superhuman efforts Ludendorff had broken through the Allied front and was again nearly in sight of Paris. The Krupp monster, hidden in a concrete cave, was shelling the capital of the world. A delegation came to see Clemenceau; and the ex-Minister was a member of the delegation.

'It seems that everything is lost,' said Clemenceau, black as a cloud.

'Everything lost?'

'Yes. It only remains for us to die with honor.'

'It is not necessary, Mr. President, that France should die,' replied the ex-Minister sharply.

Clemenceau merely shrugged his shoulders. There were no changes in his policies. And what this meant we already know, from no less competent an observer than Ludendorff.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It must be added that the ex-Minister hated Clemenceau fiercely. He told the story with the obvious desire of discrediting the head of the government. Yet his graphic story had an effect that was exactly the reverse. One could feel that at that time, in 1918, France needed just that kind of a leader, a gambler of unlimited courage, ready to stake everything, others' fortunes as well as his own.

But it is in his internal policy that Clemenceau has wrought a miracle. He has 'frozen' his country. Is it not a marvel that the nation that has the tradition of four revolutions, that has suffered more than any other because of the war, that has lost the flower of its male population in battle, is now the most stable and conservative nation in the world? Not a single reform of any extent and depth has now any chance of being adopted in France. Perhaps for the first time in history, a triumph of the conservative idea has been achieved in a free democracy. And what is most wonderful of all is that the people seem satisfied. The watchword with which Clemenceau led the country to the last election seems to have brought the land contentment.

Two powerful forces live in the soul of man: his desire for the new and his fear of losing the old. Lenin attempted to play on the former, and, naturally, deceived the people. Clemenceau openly and frankly staked everything on the second force. It is as if he were saying: —

'Do not trust new experiments. Neither Divine Revolution nor Divine Reform will make life better, and neither is worth any effort in its behalf. It is true that an instinct of maraudery is deep-rooted in the heart of man. Well, you can rob the conquered nations, or, perhaps, even some of the former Allies. You assert that the present-day democracy is not worth having. I quite agree with you. But that which you wish to set up in its stead will, most probably, be still worse.'

This was the spirit that pervaded his famous conference with the representatives of the General Confederation of Labor, a masterpiece, in a sense, fully worthy of the admonitions which Goethe's Mephistopheles offers his pupil.

I hope that life will prove to be more powerful than all the efforts of men who attempt to 'freeze' it. The iron laws of economic necessity will force all, sooner or later, to bow to Divine Reform, in order to escape Divine Revolution. But still, is it not remarkable that even an attempt should be made in these days to convince men that they should seek nothing at all — and by a man, who, in his own lifetime, has overturned a score of ministries?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTH AMERICAN CURRENTS. II

BY COLIN ROSS

From *Die Neue Rundschau, July*
(Berlin Liberal Literary Monthly)

If one is to avoid an utterly false picture of South American social conditions, he must study first, and mainly, the situation and sentiment of country tenants and laborers, of land-owners, and the methods of running large estates.

Throughout Latin America large estates are the rule. They generally date from the colonial epoch, and not infrequently equal in area a European duchy or kingdom. The Spanish and the Portuguese monarchs were wont to grant vast tracts in their overseas domains to distinguished soldiers or officials. Many of these grants were in such remote parts of the country that their development did not really begin until they came into the hands of their present possessors.

Such immense land grants have been issued even under the republican régime. Nepotism and party favoritism have had much influence in this business, even in recent years, when these great land deals have been handled mainly by foreign capitalists and corporations. Vast areas were alienated by the state for a trifling sum under the form of concessions. Naturally bribery played its part in these transactions. In many of these countries, especially Argentina, land was given away and squandered until the priceless government domain has been practically exhausted, and the title to most of the soil of the Republic has fallen into the hands of a relatively small number of territorial magnates.

Such vast areas can be profitably managed by a single proprietor only in thinly populated districts, where extensive methods of cultivation prevail, and labor occupies a more or less servile position.

In Argentina and Uruguay an exceptional situation has developed. The natives of these countries were familiar only with grazing industries. Cowboys, who are invariably horsemen, are a very independent class of men; and the *gaucho* of the pampa has therefore never submitted in an equal degree to these servile conditions.

Of late, however, Argentina has ceased to be exclusively a grazing country, and has brought large areas under cultivation. Meanwhile, rural labor conditions have grown worse. There is no public land left in this immense country, although it has but eight million inhabitants. The poor man has little opportunity to acquire a farm of his own. Great proprietors, although they cannot employ their vast estates profitably, are unwilling to sell. Eager to secure the higher profits to be obtained from farming as compared with grazing, they lease their land for short terms to tenants.

This tenancy system invariably ends in the exploitation of tenants; very few of whom are able to become independent land-owners. While the *gaucho*, who asked nothing more than a free life in the saddle, was content to live and die a cowboy, the modern farm laborer or tenant revolts at receiving no more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than a meagre existence in return for a lifetime of toil and privation. He must have a chance to become independent. His discontent has grown stronger with the spread of education, with the immigration of people from other countries, and with the growing discrepancy between the huge profits of the landed proprietor and his own miserable income.

Consequently labor conditions in the country have rapidly grown more critical during the past few years. Anarchist propaganda finds a fertile field there. The land question is the great question in Argentina, upon the successful solution of which the political, as well as the economic, future of the nation depends; and the only solution is to divide up the great estates and to multiply the number of independent farmers. However, the resistance of the great proprietors, who, in spite of the change of power from the Conservatives to the Radicals, still exercise a controlling influence in public affairs, is still so powerful, that a thoroughgoing land-reform is not to be hoped for. Up to the present the Argentine *estancieros* are blind to the statistics which show the higher productivity of land divided into small freehold farms, as compared with great estates, and deaf to the stern warning which every summer brings, when vast areas of grain go up in flames at the hands of revolting workers.

Brazil is in a much happier situation. For many decades the government has been striving to build up a strong body of small farmers. To be sure, that country has vast cattle-ranches and plantations, particularly of coffee and cotton; but it has also countless little independent holdings. Above all the Argentine tenancy system is unknown there. An immigrant of small means can usually count on becoming, in course of time, a freehold land-owner.

Of course the large cities and industrial districts of Brazil are foci of social discontent, as they are in Argentina, Uruguay, and Chile. I have already mentioned that South American labor is extremely radical. That does not appear at first on the surface. The working classes have few political and trade-union organizations. They belong to so many races, speak so many different languages, move about so much, and constantly receive such large accessions from foreign countries, that attempts to organize them have usually proved abortive. Consequently, the political and economic influence of the working class is by no means as great as its real strength might lead one to believe. This applies even to Argentina and Uruguay, where Socialist organizations are the strongest. Naturally there are a few exceptions, for example, the Argentine Maritime Federation, which has maintained a strike against the river-transportation companies for more than a year.

Strikes, in fact, are very numerous. Generally, however, they fail for lack of a strong organization behind them. Since the working classes are for the most part ignorant and undisciplined, and believe the government is against them, they naturally adopt radical dogmas, and regard any leader who shows the slightest conservatism as a traitor who has been bought by the capitalists.

Agitation of this kind is normally more susceptible to police control than a peaceful Socialist movement, which is progressing steadily and calmly. But it at once becomes dangerous when economic and political conditions are disturbed. What can happen is suggested by the bloody revolt which grew out of the general strike in Buenos Aires in January, 1918. Street-fighting raged in the city for several days. The outcome hung in the balance for a considerable period, since the soldiers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proved unreliable. The government was unable to restore order until troops were brought from Salta and Jujuy, and thousands had been killed in the street-fighting.

Incidents such as these naturally drive the labor leaders farther to the Left. In every important republic of South America the Socialists are debating violently over joining Moscow; and though the adherents of the Bolsheviki are still a minority, it is only a question of time when they will gain their point, or at least force their party to withdraw from the more conservative Socialist group.

Conditions are naturally quite different in the more backward republics. There oligarchy and feudalism still reign unchecked, and the social question is just dawning on the horizon. Such Socialist parties and labor-unions as exist are still in the rudimentary stage. From the standpoint of conservatism, the social and economic situation is essentially better; and it is sometimes predicted that these countries, so backward to-day, will speedily overtake their more progressive neighbors, because they are not afflicted with class-conflicts, such as already trouble Argentina and Chile and are likely to increase in bitterness and violence there.

This is possible, but by no means certain. The fact that Socialism has few adherents in Peru and Bolivia to-day tells nothing as to its possible growth to-morrow. Furthermore, if these republics keep their people in the present state of ignorance and social backwardness, they will be threatened by an even worse danger — Indian uprising and Mexicanization.

The social question is complicated in these countries by the race-problem. A handful of whites rules over masses of Indians and half-breeds. Now, social lines are by no means drawn parallel with color lines. Latin America has no race question in the North American sense. An Indian who accumulates property is received socially by the half-breeds, and eventually by the whites. He thus ceases to be an Indian or a half-breed, and is called a *blanco* — a white man. Such *blancos*, without a drop of white blood in their veins, are to be found in the highest social circles, and even in the presidential chair. But such cases are exceptional. Furthermore, an Indian who thus rises in social rank breaks off all ties with his fellow Indians and, if such a thing is possible, oppresses and exploits them worse than the real white man. Consequently, social and racial inferiority go hand in hand, and the opportunity to rise out of this lower class is by no means an adequate safety-valve.

Indian revolts are not a matter of ancient history in Latin America. They are still almost daily events. Indian wars are no rarity even in Argentina, where uprisings recently occurred in Chaco. Naturally, it is easy to suppress them by force. Even in Bolivia, where the Indians vastly outnumber the whites, they have invariably been defeated.

The reason for this is the lack of unity among the Indians, and particularly the fact that the *indio* of ability and capacity for leadership becomes a *blanco* as soon as he gets ahead in the world. For example, the Bolivian army consists overwhelmingly of full-blooded Indians. In spite of that, it can be depended upon absolutely to suppress an Indian revolt. When Indians have become soldiers, they consider themselves much better than their fellow tribesmen, and enemies of the latter. During a recent revolt I personally observed that the soldiers guarding the prisoners were indistinguishable in color and features from the men in their custody.

Ordinarily Indian uprisings are confined to a few neighboring estates where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the oppression of the proprietors has become unendurable. Usually they are easily suppressed. They become dangerous only when they are associated with political objects, and some party furnishes the insurgents with arms in order to serve its purposes. In such cases instances have occurred when the old racial hatred flared up, and the fanatical Indians slaughtered enemy and friend alike. That danger always lurks in the background whenever there is an appeal to the traditions of the Incas.

However, the peculiar danger is that the Indian problem may be reinforced by the social problem, which is primarily a land question. In Bolivia and in Mexico the great estates have been built up by robbing the free Indians of their land, or by cheating them out of it. This has engendered a deep hatred in the minds of the Indian peasants and laborers, somewhat resembling the hatred which the Russian peasants felt for their landlords. I would name this process 'Mexicanization,' for its best example is to be found in that Republic. But a similar development is likely to occur in every backward country in Latin America.

Under Porfirio Diaz, Mexico was a perfect example of oligarchy and feudalism. Madero raised the banner of revolt against these institutions. The most important planks in his platform were freeing the peons and dividing up the land. He had ideas that would have been stigmatized as Bolshevist if that word had come into vogue. Was Madero honest? Probably; at least he passed for an idealist in Mexico. However, his numerous relatives and supporters had only one object — to overthrow the Porfirio Diaz gang, in order to get at the public crib themselves. For them the social programme served the same object as the shouting for freedom and liberty in the war for independence. It was a convenient bait for the masses. So, when Porfirio Diaz was overthrown and Madero took the presidential chair, his social reforms vanished into thin air.

However, he was an example of the fact that, when you have sown ideas abroad in the world, they cannot be exterminated. Madero's social reforms had got into the heads of the people; and when a second revolution occurred under Carranza and Villa, they again stood in the foreground. Meanwhile the Indian peons had been slaughtering *hacienderos* and burning their haciendas. They lost their fear of the whites and learned the pleasure of exercising the power which their numbers gave them.

In all probability Bolshevist ideas will spread rapidly in Mexico. But whatever political developments may occur, a return to the old form of land tenure is as impossible in that country as in Russia.

Mexico and South America have very little intercourse at present. When easy paths of communication are opened between them, it is probable that these Mexican ideas will have a profound effect in the latter continent. However that may be, we may expect the same, at first sight absurd, phenomenon in South America — Soviet agitation — to show its head in the socially backward countries before it does so in the more highly developed republics to the southward.

Most of these little countries are entirely blind to this danger. Only a few far-sighted people who, like their kind elsewhere, exert little influence in politics, see what is coming. On the other hand, the more advanced countries of South America are over-anxious about Bolshevism. The strict control they have established over immigration indicates this. Other active, vigorous measures are being considered, to avert this danger.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If we except, perhaps, Uruguay, wise social legislation plays little part in these new measures. Following in the footsteps of Europe, the leaders here are trying to divert the attention of the masses from their social hardships by arousing their patriotic passions. Chile's war excitement last July and August, when it mobilized its army and concentrated its forces on the frontiers of Bolivia and Peru, was partly inspired by this motive. The government of Sanfuentes thereby successfully diverted attention from the critical domestic situation. This measure gave the authorities an opportunity to put the restless elements under military law, and to ship them away to the northern deserts.

In Argentina the principal opponent of Socialism is the *Liga Patriotica*, which interprets all Socialist propaganda as the work of foreign agitators, and attempts to rally every patriotic Argentinean to the defense of his country. On the other side, the Socialists point out, with some show of reason, that, in spite of their international sympathies, they are the true people of Argentina; that they are defending the *criollo*, the native, from exploitation by the foreign capitalists who own the country's railways, wharves, cold-storage houses, and factories. These corporations, they say, are robbing the natives to enrich foreign proprietors.

However, the most powerful bulwark of the ruling classes in the social struggle is the Catholic Church. South America remains to-day one of the most loyal supporters of the Vatican. In the first place, the Church has the women absolutely under its control. But its power in other directions is much greater than appears on the surface. There are still districts in the remote interior where it is not wise to advertise that one is a Protestant, and where Protestants holding services would endanger their lives. There are many regions where the priests are absolutely masters of the bodies as well as the souls of their flocks.

Likewise the Church has accommodated itself to the prevailing political forms in South America with the same flexibility as elsewhere. After being ousted from power with the overthrow of the Conservative Party, it has returned to power in the garb of liberalism. For example, when the Conservative clerical government was overthrown in Bolivia, the Church interested itself in progressive measures, became the attorney of the lower classes oppressed by the new Liberal oligarchy, and returned to power in the July revolution of 1920, as the champion of a party sympathetic with liberal Socialism.

In Argentina the ruling Radical Party has clerical affiliations. The Church in this country, by emphasizing its friendliness for the workingman, has succeeded in winning enough of the latter away from the Socialists to constitute a majority in the city. Furthermore, in Irigoyen, it controls a leader of remarkable personal qualities, political foresight, and popularity.

Even in Chile the Church is multiplying its efforts to accommodate itself to the extremely unfavorable situation — from its point of view — created by the election of Arturo Alessandri to the presidency.

Alessandri was elected upon an outspoken anti-Clerical platform. Among its important planks were separation of Church and State, and expropriation of the great church properties. The clergy did everything possible to prevent Alessandri's election. But after his victory they ceased open opposition, and to-day one meets almost as many ecclesiastical dignitaries in the government buildings of Santiago, as during the days of Conservative rule.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arturo Alessandri is the first Socialist to be elected to a presidency in South America; at least, he was elected on a Socialist platform. His policies are about the same as those of Conservative Majority Socialists in Germany. His purpose is to avoid an otherwise inevitable social revolution by timely and radical welfare legislation, which will speed up the evolutionary processes toward a condition of society more equitable for the lower classes. In this connection he is seeking a peaceful settlement between capital and labor.

There is some doubt as to the success of such a plan. The oligarchy, the Church, and the great capitalists, did their utmost to prevent Alessandri's election. The result was that he won by a single vote in the electoral college, although an overwhelming majority of the people were in his favor. His opponents followed the same manœuvres in the congressional election. The great mine-owners shipped their laborers from the northern districts to the south, and from the southern districts to the north, in order to vote them at the polls.

Many people consider the new executive a demagogue, who has used radicalism as a stepping-stone to the presidency, but who has no independent convictions, and veers with every wind. I have conversed with Arturo Alessandri on many occasions, both when he was a candidate and since he has been president, and I must say that he has seemed the same person in all instances. He has acted and spoken as president precisely as he acted and spoke when he was a candidate for the presidency; and one cannot escape the impression that he is a man of his word.

Naturally, conditions may be too much for him. The accomplishment of his social programme may prove more difficult than he honestly believes. However, even were Alessandri to prove false to his professions, the ideals and objects he has championed cannot be suppressed. Upon the success of Alessandri's experiments depends untold weal or woe for South America. If the new president succeeds in carrying out his programme, — particularly the alienation of the great estates, from which he will not waver even at the threat of a revolution, — the effect upon the neighboring republics, particularly Argentina, will be overwhelming. Alessandri and Irigoyen are to-day the two greatest figures in the South American political and economic world.

Another force driving in the same direction is the student body, which overwhelmingly champions advanced social, international, and pacifist ideals. This is particularly true in Chile. Furthermore, in spite of the restrictions on immigration, new ideas are constantly coming in from Europe. In fact the course events take in South America will be largely influenced by their course abroad. The Southern Continent has not developed an independent intellectual life: it imports its ideas from the Old World. In the same way that the French Revolution precipitated the agitation for South American independence, so a victorious social revolution would quickly spread to the other side of the Atlantic. To put it in other words, South America's fate is not disconnected with that of Russia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON NOT SEEING SWINBURNE

BY DARRELL FIGGIS

From *The London Mercury, July*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

BEYOND all question, to see a great man is a great experience. If the emotion at the time be not quite so thrilling as was expected, if there are shades, fallings-off, discrepancies, disappointments in the fine expected thrill, the recollection in tranquillity will atone. Especially will it atone if, as sometimes happens, the tranquil recollection is to fall off the point of the pen in the dark and shapely glow of public record. Hushed and muted accents will round off the great experience. Misshapen things will be patted into place, will be caught and throttled by awed periods.

But not to see the great man — what of that? That there are a hundred ways of saying how one did see him, a hundred books will show; but not among them all do I know of one book to analyze the wry experience of not seeing him. Above all, to be brought to the house of the altar of praise, to the very temple of thank-offering; to have attuned one's self to the fine expected thrill, the mind abashed and timid, the lips repeating the deft and casual quotation (ah, how divinely in its place, for the quickly noting, grateful glance that shall never, never be forgotten while life shall last!), and to miss it all. Has this ever been told?

So I thought, as Max Beerbohm's book fell in my lap. I had been reading how he met Swinburne. It is the virtue of genius to make rare and perfect the common experience, as well as to make the rare and perfect experience common; and here all the attendants of our common experience were consummately rendered. He came on the day appointed, 'as one whose feet half linger.' So did I. He laid his hand irresolutely against the gate of the bleak, trim, front garden; he withdrew it; he went away; he noted all the aspects of common modern life outside in the suburban street, to make seem more wonderful the wonder of the 'Hounds of Spring on Winter's Traces' inside. To be sure he did. So did I, later in time than he, but not less faithfully. His symptoms were identical with mine, mine with his. Our ailment was the same. But I came out whole and sound, though there are proofs in his essay that he was not very deeply afflicted. And — But to continue.

To him came Watts-Dunton from the next room, when at last the entry had been bravely made and the dark hall encountered, with women with lips like seashells glooming at one from wondrously framed pictures on the dim, dowdy, faded, scrolled wall-paper. He came, chump and chubby, his voice suddenly ceasing its booming in that next room. Clearly a man whose stage technique had not altered twenty years after, for he did the same with me.

> I shall remember while the light lives yet,
> And in the night-time I shall not forget.

Hitherto our experiences are the same. It was this identity that caused the book to fall in my lap and sent me away dreaming, dreaming, dreaming. But now comes change; abruptly — in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two splashes of color. The 'eternally crumpled frock-coat' was still crumpled. Though twenty years is not eternity, in the matter of frock-coats it is a good installment; and the coat was still crumpled. The shaggy moustache still hid the small round chin, from within which moustache wisdom issued as from a sententious walrus. But the eyebrows and bright little brown eyes — no, I know nothing of them; I saw nothing of them.

The first thing I saw was a green shade over the eyes, like the shade of a billiard-lamp. A number of little round holes were punctured within the rim of that shade. They held my mind, these holes; they mystified me to know why they were, what purpose they served. If light were required there, why not have made the shade shorter? But the shade was not to be shorter, for the edge was bound in brass. Eyes and nose were developed in that shade. Where the shade finished, the shaggy moustache began. An absurd fancy entered my mind, to stoop and look up beneath that shade; but these are the absurdities that, fortunately, one never does.

The next thing I saw was a book he held in his hand and placed on a stand beside the chair on which he sat. The book was blue. I knew the book. It was for me. I had heard of such things before from others who had — alas, more successfully than I! — passed through the experience I now undertook. I did not look at the book and pretended not to see it, for the little brown eyes, being behind that shade, made me feel as if they were in every place. But I knew that it was entitled *Selections from Swinburne's Poems*, and that it bore on the fly-leaf the signature of Theodore Watts-Dunton, with the tail of the capital T hooked to the right.

Swinburne! And this was Swinburne's guardian, his sentinel to the world. Wonderful! I heard a flutter of feet across the room above. Swinburne's feet! How light they were; just as one had expected them to sound, from all one had heard of their eager, ceaseless fluttering. The housemaid who had let one within this faded antique world of memories would have made the whole roof to shake; and this gentle quiver across, and the gentle quiver back again, was a poetic movement. How near one was to him! And after a time of probation with this chump and chubby sentinel in the green shade, one would have his *Selections* for reward, and be ushered by the selector into the Authentic Presence. Ah, how frail are our expectations!

A round hand was laid on my arm. I was persuaded, with firm authority, to draw a high-backed chair and sit beside Watts-Dunton. To that I put down part of my misfortunes. To sit on a high, straight-backed chair, above a much older man seated beside one in a low, comfortable, capacious chair, must, I conceive, always be an impossible position. The comfort is not divided. The height is not leveled, but is even thrust at ungainly odds. The ages are — what Time made them. Everything is askew, so that one starts wrong. But when, added to all this, one looks down from an uncomfortable altitude, and looks, not into little brown twinkling eyes, but upon a green shade punctured with round holes near the rim and bound with brass — then I am sure it is impossible to avert mishap. Young misgiving quickened within me. The blue volume of *Selections* at Watts-Dunton's right hand seemed strangely remote — oddly irrelevant. The flutter of feet upstairs —

He had begun to speak. He was, he told me, deeply interested in the young writers. He was always a man who had kept abreast of the times. He had always been so — unlike Mr. Swinburne, who lived in his own world. Modes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came in and modes went out, but eternal song remained. Did I know the work of So-and-so?

I did, of course; and forbore assertion further. So-and-so had passed this ordeal successfully, that I knew. I hoped he did not keep sufficiently abreast of the times to read what I had said of So-and-so in the *B*——.

I am glad he did not, for — he had a genuine gift of song, Watts-Dunton thought. But no fundamental brainwork. That, it seemed to him, was the fault of the times. I knew, of course, of Dante Gabriel Rossetti?

I gasped, and barely assented in time.

He was a great fellow, a great fellow. It was he who had required the fundamental brainwork. So necessary. He had, of course, known Gabriel quite well, had been his dearest friend.

From my height I looked down into the depth of his chair. But, no, the green shade revealed no humor. The row of little punctured holes winked at me indeed, but without mirth. The brass rim was dull. I, too, like Max Beerbohm, was wafted by casual mention into illustrious presences; but the twenty years had wrought a change, for this distinguished critic, abreast of my times, assumed that I was not abreast of his. Had I heard of Dante Gabriel Rossetti! And nothing to be seen but a green shade above and a shaggy moustache below. The voice boomed on —

His dearest friend and a great fellow. The other fault was as bad. Of it Mr. Meredith was the exemplar. Meredith, too, was a great fellow, and probably the greatest mind of his time. The greatest mind, mark me, not the richest temperament. Oh, yes, a perverse fellow; a very perverse fellow! Mind was not enough. Now there was Browning —

He knew Browning quite well. He said this as if I would be extremely surprised to hear of it. He knew all these men quite well. There were giants in those days, he quaintly implied; but as plainly implied no further criticism of the times he was now abreast of. Now Browning was clever; he was a learned fellow; but he had no mind.

Misgiving grew old and died. Hostility was born in its stead. Not to the distinguished critic, Watts-Dunton, — oh, dear, no! — but to the green shade. I had just finished reading *The Ring and the Book*. When a person finishes reading a poem of that length, pursuing it to the ultimate end faithfully and surviving the accomplishment, the pride, the virtue of the act are transferred to the writer of the poem. I have observed this, and it is a certain sign. The critics who contemn long poems are those who have not managed to read them. The critics who praise long poems are those who have read them, always. The exceptions are naught. The rule is infallible, and has nothing to do with the merit of the poem. What we say to others is what we have first said to ourselves. And no man or woman will permit himself to say to himself that duty or inclination made such an ass of him as to cause him to read to the bitter end a long and worthless poem. Pride is involved. Self-love is involved. One's respect before one's fellows is involved. Everything is involved to assert that the labor was worth while, and therefore that the poem was good, very good — perhaps one of the world's supreme achievements. I say this in extenuation, as I had read every word of *The Ring and the Book*, English, Latin, and Italian; and I had consequently entered into confederacy with Browning. To hear it said, therefore, that Browning had no mind was as if I had heard that I myself had no mind; and the idlest dolt will not hear such a thing in meekness, obscuring green shades notwithstanding. What marvel then that hostility was pricked in me as I listened?

No, Browning had no mind. A clever

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fellow, but no mind. He had the queerest notions, so out of date. He was a Christian and believed in Creation. God was like a big carpenter, who fitted out Creation like a Noah's Ark, two and two of every kind, and sent it out, all the parts complete, floating on the waters. Like a carpenter, with hammer and chisel, making the world like a Noah's Ark, all nicely dovetailed and knocked together, with its animals, two and two of every kind. Such a silly notion! So out of date, too. Evolution had disproved all that. Jewish myths. Now, in the Theory of Evolution it was proved that life had evolved from Amœba — and he gave me a brief account of the theory, while I, in my exultant youth, heard with amazement a voice droning from fifty years before, when the paper had last been hung on these walls. I was wafted among other august presences, in frock-coats and with serious evolutionary brows. There was a musty smell in the air. Time was cheating me, was playing a trick on me.

For himself he had always kept abreast of the times; but Browning disputed these truths. He was out of touch with Science. Science had — But I found my voice, and lost my poet, and lost his book of *Selections*, with the inscription, 'From Theodore Watts-Dunton,' all ready to be solemnly placed in my hand.

I was sure, I said, Browning did not believe anything of the sort. At least, I hope I did not say it quite like that; but I fear I did. Had I been able to see the bright little brown eyes, I might not have; but to the holes of the green shade I am sure I did.

There was a hushed and awkward silence. But I did not care. Not many people in these decadent days read a great poem like *The Ring and the Book* to the finish, Latin and all. Then I heard him speak again. He knew Browning quite well, and he was a clever fellow, a learned fellow, but he did not keep abreast of the times. But, I urged firmly, daringly, like one who took on the nineteenth century in its sleek and dowdy pride, to say that Browning had no mind —

We began, slowly, to speak of the times he was now abreast of; but it was a hollow performance. The end was foreseen. The blue book would never be mine. The fluttering poet would never be seen. The temple gates would never be opened. We spoke — or rather he spoke, for I had already said too much; and his slow, low speech thrust me out into the dark hall, told me Mr. Swinburne would be too tired to see me, for he always wrote in the afternoon, and pushed me slowly, firmly, kindly, surely out of the hall-door; and then fell on, for me, an eternal silence.

So once again I laid my hand against the gate of the bleak, trim, front garden 'No. 2, The Pines.' I had missed everything. Well, what of it? I said wrathfully. What was the Selection but a bad selection? And what was the poet but an old peacock, tended and shut away by an obsolete keeper? The world looked to the future, not to the past.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LORD DUNSANY: A MODERN DREAMER

BY C. E. LAWRENCE

From *The Bookman, July*
(ENGLISH LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE march of the suburbs, the victory of the factories, the growth of those systems, utilitarian, commercial, material, which feed the pocket and often starve the heart, render it necessary more and more that the imagination should have fuller, wider play in art, in sympathy, in life. The world has fallen into sad and sordid ways. Now and then in history a man has arisen to break the crusts of convention and re-establish principles and a new ideal, bringing back, as it were, the reflection of the stars to our gutters; but where now is that pioneer, reformer, idealist? The thing called progress, the dark blessing known as prosperity, veils and clouds the world; and humanity spends its opportunity in admiring dross and drivel.

It is therefore right that we should be grateful to Lord Dunsany, and to such others as he, who, amid the welter of this costermonger hustle, see something of the truths beyond the sunset and remind us of them in prose or poetry worthy of the theme. For surely, after sympathy, imagination is the quality most necessary to our condition. Dunsany touches topmost things. In his vital dreams he wanders among the stars, stands with triumph often at the very Edge of the World, where 'gluttering' beasts in haunted cavities frown, and granite cliffs tower, threatening to overturn, yet ever enduring — 'linked with a multitude of wayward stairs.' The very extremity of this dreaming, its ever-desperate endeavor to comprehend infinity from the brink of the ultimate, is, in truth, a vehement protest against the sordid worldliness of a groping mankind.

Lord Dunsany's work, whether expressed through essay-form, true narrative (as in *Unhappy Far-Off Things*), or in fable, parable, or play, is throughout distinctively his. Other writers in prose and verse have attained similar heights, have as surely recognized the irony of human ambition under the splendid indifference of eternity; have also heard some whispering of the laughter of the gods. Tomlinson, Omar, *The Ancient Mariner*, *Thirza*, *The Opium-Eater* — it needs no more than a hurried handful of memorable names to prove that Lord Dunsany's particular form of the ironic imagination, raising up mockery on immortal wings, has been shared by several. But other writers have won to these heights only sometimes. It has been one aspect only of their work. All Dunsany's endeavors, however, belong to this especial group; and, strangely, the only comparison to himself is to be found in his colleague, Mr. Sime, whose genius — that right word — places him at the absolute forefront of artists in ironic imagination and the perfection of black-and-white. For such work as Mr. Sime has given and still can give us, we ought to go down thankfully on humble knees, hoping for more and much more from his inspired pencil.

As is to be expected, considering its challenge, Lord Dunsany's work is uneven. As a whole, it is true to an exalted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standard, and is deeply touched with the subtle, rare humor that holds a secret pity; but sometimes the vision threatens to overtopple, though never does it positively overtopple, or fall to the ludicrous. He is best in his short things — as in the two *Books of Wonder* and the *Fifty-One Tales*, as well as in the volumes of Plays. Brevity and variety are his safeguards, the good fairies that prevent his falling to bathos and tediousness. For Eternity, his province, while stimulating to the imagination and helpfully awful to the heart, is indeed a gaping opportunity to boredom. *The Gods of Pegana* and *Time and the Gods*, leaving aside the wonderful drawings of Mr. Sime, are so determinately exalted — those deities among the mountains are far removed from the human — and so successfully resist the tendency to be natural, that reading them makes them seem like a new pagan service, all litany; one shares the wish of the nicely naughty child, who declared that rather than go to the orthodox joys of heaven she would prefer having the little devils to play with. When irony is over-sustained, it loses its effect; when the imagination rises to, and remains at, heights beyond the range of human sympathy, it becomes very like a goose with labored wings flying over a wilderness. Beauty, wit, immortality, are divorced from their estate. And that is all that need be said of the defects of Lord Dunsany's great qualities.

How good those qualities are! No one can tell a tale more deftly; no one has a greater sense of the sufficiency and economy of words. His parables and tales are a mosaic in which the right verbal coloring is generally aptly, exactly used. He is fond of the quest of stolen jewels, with the inevitable hunter following on and on, through valleys and over mountains, along dizzy precipices and up dazzling heights, until the divine vengeance leaps, and the mortal life is spilled to the tune of shadowy mirth. If it is not a great jewel stolen, it is something else of an equal mystic quality, as the contents of the golden box 'conveyed' by the three literary men, Slith and Slorg and Sippy, which contained 'fifteen peerless odes in the alcaic form, five sonnets that were by far the most beautiful in the world, nine ballads in the manner of Provence that had no equal in the treasuries of man, a poem addressed to a moth in twenty-eight perfect stanzas, a piece of blank verse of over a hundred lines on a level not yet known to have been attained by man, as well as fifteen lyrics on which no merchant would dare to set a price.'

Whatever may be the treasures in his tales, which tempt the dishonest heart, be sure there is an ironic vengeance inevitably following. The best example of this favorite subject of Lord Dunsany is found in his play, *A Night at an Inn*, wherein four merchant-sailors, having stolen the solitary ruby eye of the idol Klesh, are dogged by three priests who, despite dodging, hiding, and subterfuge, follow infallibly the thief who holds the jewel. The robbers, led by a broken 'toff' with brains and foresight, at this desperate juncture hire an inn in a wood, purposing to entrap and murder their pursuers. The plot is successful. The priests are tricked and slain; and then — then, when victory is won, the ominous tramping of heavy feet is heard, and Klesh himself comes in. The monstrous idol, groping, finds his eye, restores it to his forehead, and then goes out, to call the murderers one by one to their doom. The play has humor, insight, and the surprise which brings the thrill. Its very grotesquerie enhances the verisimilitude.

With all Lord Dunsany's predilection for the supernatural and supernormal, — for those mighty powers, Time and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death, with Pan, the Sphinx, elaborate idols, rattling dragons, and the infinite deities of his own creation, — he manages, even in his lofty flights, generally to remain in touch with humanity. He recognizes towns and the factory system as the institutions they are — horribly destructive to beauty and the kindnesses of life; though he also sees the assured finality, even of enormities. We are given a glimpse of Pan reproving the flowers and saying, 'Be patient a little, these things are not for long.' He brings this truth further home by his sketches of, and references to, London. This facet of his irony finds happy play in *A Tale of London*, wherein the hasheesh-eater, sitting cross-legged upon a purple cushion before his Sultan, blinks seven times, and describes London with its golden balconies and sand-strewn alabaster ways, lighted with lanterns of chrysoprase; its Thames bearing ships with violet sails, bringing incense for the braziers that perfume the streets, silver for the statues of heroes, sapphires to reward their poets. If only our county councillors would read this gentle satire, and our members of Parliament study Gibbon!

To choose the happiest story and the best from such an abundant treasury is a task for the hero of a fairy tale; but three I must mention, for they have the highest qualities of imagination, humor, and that sweet essential, wistful pathos. *The Wonderful Window* belonged to Mr. Sladden, who bought from a strange man in the street a little window in old wood, with small panes set in lead. Sladden fastened the window over a small cupboard in his poor bed-sitting-room and found that he could see through the window an ancient city, with towers, archers and troubadours, and many little flags showing golden dragons on a silver field. Every hour that he could spare from business he spent at his magic window, watching the people in the wonderful city; until one day enemies appeared, fighting resulted in the streets and the invaders were winning, when Sladden, to help the good cause, seized his poker, smashed the window and — its vision was gone! Nothing was left to him but his business, which is a parable to us.

Another outstanding tale is the strange record of Captain Shard, the bluggy pirate who, surrounded by enemies on the sea, fixed wheels to the bottom of his ship and — yo-ho-ho! and a bottle of rum! — sailed away to safety on the dry land, traversing the African desert and winning escape — to be spent eventually with a lovely queen on a floating island — to the profitable sea.

Thirteen at Table, the third of these gems, or plums, or what-you-please-to-call-'em, is one of the best ghost-tales put into printer's ink. A huntsman, after a vigorous chase, rides far, very far, and comes to a strange house in a neglected park, where he demands and, after hesitancy, receives shelter. His host, a recluse, confessed to having lived a wicked life. As the men talked, the door opened again and again, when the carpet and the hangings flapped from the draught; but no one seemed entering, though always the guest was introduced by his host to a new invisible — to eleven women. And so they dined thirteen at table, two men and the others ghosts. — And that is enough for this telling.

Lord Dunsany is a hope in British literature, a necessary influence against the commonplaces of popular fiction. Until *If* took the town by storm at the Ambassador's, a month ago, he cannot have received much encouragement for his work; but I hope he will take this tribute as an appeal to continue his star-strewn and deity-haunted ways; for the world badly needs imagination, irony, and sympathy such as his.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GANDHISM

BY B. NATESAN

From *East and West, June*
(Bombay Indian Eclectic Political and Literary Monthly)

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. — A. Lincoln.

His politics were a vehement battle, not a game, no affair of a career. — J. Morley.

In viewing these intestine and civil broils of ours, who doth not exclaim that this world's vast frame is near unto a dissolution, and that the day of judgment is ready to fall on us? — Montaigne.

Three men in our time have added fresh lustre to the genius of our race and given the world a measure of the stature to which Indian manhood could attain: Tagore in literature, Bose in science, and Mr. Gandhi in the sphere of action. It would be profitless to discuss whose is the most enduring mark on the temper of our generation. But of this we may be sure. The case of those who meddle with the affairs of men is the most problematical of all. For public memories are short, and political reputations are charged with the qualities of mercury. They rise and fall in proportion to the density of the popular mind. We have witnessed in our own time the sudden eclipse of statesmen reputed to be 'the pillars of a people's hope.' The name of Wilson was a name to conjure with. He was for a time the undisputed Messiah of the modern world. Yet to-day 'none so poor to do him reverence.' Asquith, who is now relegated to the oblivion of 'back numbers,' was for a time the directing head of the greatest empire on earth. If statesmen who have to look to the continuity of policy and carry the public with them are so liable to the vicissitudes of fortune, how rare it would be for individualists and hot-gospellers to retain the favor of the fitful public! 'The contemporaries of superior men easily go wrong about them. Peculiarity discomposes people; the swift current of life distorts their points of view from understanding and appreciating such men.'

Mr. Gandhi cannot escape the inevitable fate of public workers. To be great is to be misunderstood. Who knows whether the people who now are with him may not later turn against him? It is the lot of all powerful minds, not only to shape and mould men, even as a great artist shapes and moulds a piece of marble, but to be teased and tortured by them. And a political career is beset with all the limitations of a transient propaganda. Circumstances alter the conditions of life. Opinions change. A new age brings with it new aspirations, and we overgrow or discard our old beliefs. The best brains of the country respond to a strange call, and men turn their backs on their old leader, whose words become a voice in the wilderness.

> New occasions teach new duties,
> Time makes ancient good uncouth.

Add to this Mr. Gandhi's stubborn will and his persistent defiance of all authority, either of the Government or of the populace. It is only a coincidence that Mr. Gandhi is on the side of the people in the Caliphate question, as in the great struggle for Swaraj. I do not think that he has been guided solely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by popular demands. If by some irony of things, in this world of chances, Mr. Gandhi had ranged himself in a different camp, he would have gone on with the same untiring energy and singleness of purpose. The fact is that men like Mr. Gandhi are for the time completely absorbed in their movements, and their voice is the voice of the cause they represent. In this sense, all great men are the product of their age, either directing the dominant impulse of their generation, or opposing it with the tragic, yet chivalrous spirit of crusaders. Whether Mr. Gandhi is now engaged in a constructive, or a merely destructive, campaign, will be answered differently by different men. After all, they are merely phrases of convenience. The one may not be altogether antagonistic to the other. They often are complementary. A great deal of rubbish must certainly go before we can build aright. But my point is that Mr. Gandhi is not guided purely by popular wishes. He thinks in straight lines; and even if all the people should desert him, he would not budge an inch.

If there is none who comes when you call, walk alone.
If there is none who speaks and they turn aside their pale faces, bare your heart and speak alone.
If there is none to share your journey, and they all leave you and go, tread upon the thorns of your path and bleed alone.
If there is none to light the lamp in the stormy night, and they shut their doors against you, light your own heart with thunder flame and burn alone.

That is the spirit in which Mr. Gandhi works; he meets with triumph and disaster 'and treats those two impostors just the same.'

I have always thought that after fifty a man is seldom open to new ideas, and puts a stop to all adventures of the spirit. I can well understand John Morley's valedictory words — the most pathetic of all confessions in literary biography: —

'The world is traveling under formidable omens into a new era very unlike the times in which my lot was cast. There is an old saying that to live is to outlive. It means no more than that Ideals have their hours and fade. The oracle of to-day drops from his tripod on the morrow.'

But Mr. Gandhi has the spirit of eternal youth in his heart. With all the rigidity of his puritanical outlook on life, his genius is so supple that he can quickly enter into the inwardness of the new era. That is a tribute to the alertness of a mind that has not been warped and cramped by the conventions of an indolent and unthinking routine. Without entering into the merits of his latest speculations, one can easily discover the rapid developments in his political opinions. It is an achievement for a man of his age and habits. Nor can one charge him with inconsistency. It is, of course, most dangerous to follow a leader who changes his politics with the frequency of a weather-cock. The sincerity of a new convert is no excuse for the vehemence of his former convictions. He has no right to demand the sudden conversion of his followers.

'Change of opinion,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'in those to whose judgment the public looks more or less to assist its own, is an evil to the country, although a much smaller evil than their persistence in a cause which they know to be wrong. It is not always to be blamed. But it is always to be watched with vigilance; always to be challenged and put upon its trial.'

More than once has Mr. Gandhi stood his trial, as he is too perfect a gentleman to dissemble his views. I have known none more chivalrous in the exercise of this heroic freedom, even at the risk of personal reputation and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strategic advantages. His confessions that revolutionary hands were behind the screen in the Satyagraha campaign, working, he knew not how, to convert a peaceful and orderly gathering into a violent and vindictive demonstration was a tactical blunder of the first magnitude. A leader with less grit, but with a keen eye to strategic advantages, would not have owned it. It has been quoted against Mr. Gandhi, time and again, but he is too honorable not to admit an error.

Mr. Gandhi's open avowal of the perfidy of Albion is not to be pitted against his past declarations of loyalty to the British connection. His present attitude is a logical deduction from his premises. For more than once he has said that he prefers the rule of Britain, because within it he can exercise the utmost freedom of thought, even the freedom to rebel. With him politics is not a game. It is an extension of domestic virtues and a means to spiritual renovation. If the Alps stood in his way, let the Alps go. That is the Gandhi way. Everything must be sacrificed for truth. Compromise with error is wickedness. Now, this is at once the glory and the peril of Gandhism.

The truth is that politics is a game, and Mr. Gandhi has been playing this game without knowing it. There is no game without two parties or more, and Mr. Gandhi's move has invariably been determined by the course of the adversaries. 'He finds himself in the presence of situations that are not always the same — of life and growth, in connection with which he must take one course one day, and then, perhaps, another the next day.' 'I could not always plunge straight ahead like a cannon-ball,' said Bismarck. Sooner or later Mr. Gandhi will discover this secret.

The curt, covenanting way of Mr. Gandhi is seldom the way of the ordinary run of public men. A certain mediocrity of mind is of the very essence of the politician. He must not look too far, and depth is seldom a qualification for success in public life. The generality of public men have a genius for magnifying a mole-hill into a mountain, and they apprehend a crisis at every ordinary election. This disproportionate estimate of current events gives them a zest in the pursuit of their cause which would appear utterly meaningless to an imaginative mind prying far into the future. Personal ambition, again, is a spur to political activity, and, indeed, much of the fascination of politics is in the play of personality. Mr. Gandhi is far too deep to be perturbed by passing aberrations, and has no personal motive in his public work.

But one ought to make a distinction between the success of a politician and the success of what one deems a righteous cause. In this sense I would rather give my vote to a man of Mr. Gandhi's superb character. It is the curse of India that its really first-rate minds seldom take to politics. Not so in England. A continuous stream of superior men have applied themselves to the business of politics in the West. It is needless to name Burke, Mill, and Bentham, or Montaigne and Tocqueville as examples of first-rate minds applied to the affairs of men. Morley, Bryce, and Haldane have continued the tradition to a degree. It would be invidious to mention names; but I can hardly recall a single really commanding mind applied to the business of politics in India during the last fifty years. The only really competent mind, so far as I am able to judge, is that of the late Mr. Ranade. I am not, of course, referring to active statesmen; for we have had no opportunity for the exercise of statesmanship in any wide or responsible sphere. We have been led like children. Perhaps one may add

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a name or two more. But they can all be counted on one's fingers, even at a liberal estimate.

'Public life,' said Mr. Gokhale, 'must be spiritualized.' There can be no greater evangel of spiritual force than Mr. Gandhi. And yet, what a contrast between the two men! The mutual admiration of these two men was, in truth, due to their difference in temperament and outlook. Each loved what was wanting in himself; just as Lord Morley, most philosophic of doubters, loved the battling spirit of so matter-of-fact a politician as Joe Chamberlain. It is a study in contrasts: Gokhale, the supple statesman, with his Mahratta tact, with an eye to affairs and men, and Gandhi, flashing his sword with the nonchalance of a crusader and with his challenge —

> What though the field be lost, all is not lost,
> The unconquerable will, the spirit of —

I will not say, of revenge, but of truth! Yes; that is just what makes him so perplexing. 'Revenge is not mine,' says he with characteristic humility, 'but I will pursue my course to the end.'

The people, the dear people, can never understand such subtle distinctions, and they misinterpret the words of the prophet. To him non-coöperation is a method of self-discipline, a school of suffering and self-sacrifice. But the men who follow his lead read a suggestion of aggressiveness and add: 'Boycott of foreign goods.' What an irony! How vulgar! Mr. Gandhi says mournfully, 'It mars the beauty of my programme, the symmetry of my gospel' — as a sonneteer feels a false rhythm or an inharmonious cadence.

But we must not seek in Mr. Gandhi for this or that specific contribution. Where politics are so amateurish, and leaders are numberless, where patriotism becomes the last refuge of incompetents, where gossiping in private and canting commonplaces in public make up all the output of politicians, a strong, original man is a welcome gift. He brings the right antidote to the prevalent spirit of somnambulism. He shakes the country out of its mood of indolence and pusillanimity. He gives a rude shock to our complacent makeshifts. He restores strength and confidence in ourselves.

But there is a fear. What if his lead be on the wrong track? Shall we be forever dragging in opposite directions neutralizing our energies? No; the spirit of progress is a spirit of effort. I do not despair; for I hold that the pervasive spirit of Mr. Gandhi is more than his cult. The man is more than his creed. His gospel may be rigid, cold, repellent; his philosophy may be lacking in system or coherence; his politics dangerous. But, his character is above board, and his deeds are in harmony with his words. Such a man is of the order of Marcus Aurelius, an influence pure and holy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTERIOR OF MILAN CATHEDRAL

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON

From *To-Day, June*
(Literary Monthly)

We could see the Cathedral from the hotel, and it was natural that we should visit it first. It is difficult to approach such a monument of human ingenuity without bookishly acquired prepossessions. As I walked across the Piazza, Ibsen's words came into my mind: 'The man who conceived that Cathedral could have made moons in his spare time and thrown them into space.' I found my brain repeating these words as the vast mass of clustered and regimented spires and pinnacles, gray and gracious in the November mist, became more clearly defined. Milan as a spectacle, a spectacle in stone, a triumph of architecture, of intricate grace, stands alone among religious buildings, as it stood before me there, lonely in the mist of a November afternoon.

But the impression of grace which is gained from an exterior view changes into something dimly heavy and sinister once you pass within. Inside, it is nearly dark. It is like entering a cave. You feel the vastness of the place in spite of the darkness, as if you had entered a hollow mountain; you half expect bats to flutter by. The carvings and traceries appear and disappear fantastically in the gloom. The only light comes from the clusters of votive candles about little distant altars. They look like jewels and give the same sort of light, or rather keep a similar sort of light to themselves, refusing to diffuse it. The light from the colored windows is negligible. The windows look like translucent tapestries hung upon invisible walls.

You feel your way, and feel very little also beside the great columns, which spring apparently from nowhere, to lose themselves in dark vaults among arabesques in dim gray stone. It is a ghostly realm. You are conscious of people moving about, and almost stumble over a woman at prayer. She kneels on the stone pavement, looking small and helpless, a mere speck of blacker blackness in the prevailing gloom. There is a faint smell of incense, dim and furtive as the light — the ghostly survival of centuries of swinging censers. The people are ghosts, and the sculpture and the wrought iron; the whole Cathedral is a ghost; it is discarnate — dead, yet alive. It has a sinister beauty, the beauty of frustrate decaying and desolate things. You have a feeling of uncleanness, as you immerse yourself in it and resolve not to be contaminated. It is like walking through an area infected by some morbidly fascinating disease, but with the consciousness that you will escape contagion.

A light escapes through a grille in the pavement surrounded by an iron railing. We are curious and peep over the railings, and through the grille we see a crypt-like place, with red-covered chairs, and a priest gliding about, and one or two people. But we cannot see well, as half the grille is covered over with a cloth as if it were not desirable that the casual onlooker should see more. It adds to the ghostliness. So we pass away like moths toward a little shrine, where there are many women

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worshipers and tiers of candles dimly burning with slowly moving flames. The women look as if they were afraid of something; as if something might happen, something which they desire but which, none the less, may not be all they desire. Living souls, afraid of life and not quite certain of the advantages of death.

The darkness is now more familiar. We have merged into it and become for the moment a part of its dim life. We can see things: grated doors, shrines, effigies, tables, more people; and a little fat man with a rubicund face, watery, red-rimmed eyes and black skullcap on the back of his head like a sticking plaster, comes to us, — a very Caliban of the cavern, — and in Anglo-Franco-Italian asks us whether we should like to see the relics. We should. He then leads us toward a heavy door, which he opens, and we pass into a room in charge of a pleasant-looking priest, who reverently opens the doors of cupboards which are hung round the walls, revealing rows of life-sized effigies in silver of popes and cardinals; crucifixes and candelabra, coronets and mitres, and other symbols of religious pomp, jeweled and carven with fantastic designs and figures of the most delicate and beautiful craftsmanship. He explains these treasures to us in a soft voice, and is obviously appreciative of our appreciation. He tells us that this silver statue was made by Michael Angelo, and that that rich bauble was copied from a masterpiece of Cellini. We admire the noble craftsmanship, but feel that it has nothing to do with the modern world; it is part of the paraphernalia of the ghostly world we have entered, the bauble of a dead god.

We pass out again to the dim vastness of the Cathedral after handing a few *lire* to our priestly guide *pour les pauvres*. Our moon-calf is waiting for us — a most attentive monster. He makes mysterious gestures, and his little red eyes almost sparkle, as he leads us to a gate opening upon descending steps, and without a word, as if he were conferring upon us some inestimable privilege, he hands us over to the charge of another priestly figure, this time a sinister thing in a black cassock. It has a hushed voice which speaks English, a crooked nose too large for the face, goat's lips, and watery gray eyes. It is obviously one of Edgar Allan Poe's creatures come to life. We follow it down the steps and find ourselves in a small well-lighted chamber, below the grille which had earlier excited our curiosity. We look up and see curious faces peering down as we had done. The room is irregular in shape, with a groined and decorated stone roof; the walls are paneled in faded red brocade and tarnished silver. Facing the door is what looks like an altar, and below it a small narrow table covered with a red cloth. It is not an altar; it is the sarcophagus of a saint: San Carlo, Patrone di Milano. We admire, under guidance of the sinister priest, the superb workmanship of the silver casquette, and at an appropriate moment, gauged with the nicety of experience, the priest tells us that the dead saint lies within, and that for the small charge of five *lire* each we may have the privilege of gazing upon him. It is obviously an opportunity not to be missed. To see a real saint, though dead, for five *lire*, with the exchange at 96.60 is a bargain. We accept the proposal.

The priest then becomes theatrically impressive. He invests himself in a white surplice taken from a box near by and begins to turn a handle. We half expect that some sort of music will be the result; but this proves only to be a profane reaction from memories of the familiar Italian music of the streets of England. The handle operates no mechanical keyboard; it serves a more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novel purpose. As the priest winds, the silver paneled front of the casquette moves and gradually glides down until it disappears, and a silver coffin, paneled in crystal, is revealed. There is the same magnificence of craftsmanship in all this flamboyant metal. Through the panels of beveled rock-crystal we see the form of the dead Saint Carlo, Cardinal of Rome, Archbishop of Milan, in all its costly vestments, white and red and gold, crozier of gold, mitre of gold, and holy ring on his white-gloved hand, as he lived three hundred years ago. Our priest lights the stump of a candle and moves it about before the corpse, to make clearer the principal objects of interest — the ring, the crozier and, hanging above the face of the saint, who has been dead for three hundred years, hanging close to the face of death, — brown with decay, the bones showing through the broken parchment which was once flesh, and a glimpse of teeth through the decaying lips, — hanging above the face of the saint, who should have been buried three hundred years ago, is the most delicately beautiful, the most costly jeweled coronet that perhaps was ever made. The priest does well to add to its brightness the light of his little ex-votive candle-stump, for it is the work of Benvenuto Cellini himself. The candle is extinguished and the handle turned and the coffin closed in again.

We pay our *lire* over to the guardian of Saint Carlo, and ascend once more into the dim Cathedral, where we are greeted by Caliban. We try to tip him and depart; but he has further services to offer and is not to be lightly shaken off.

Here is a great candelabrum curiously wrought in iron with many a sacred and holy figure; and he lights a match and takes us to a nearer view. This is the Holy Virgin, and that Abraham offering up his son Isaac, and this, — and our moon-calf leers confidentially, — and this — And he whispers words which convey obscene promises, pointing to obscure sculptures which presumably fulfill them. 'Regardez, signori!' We regard, but have to take the obscenity for granted; it is not obvious to our eyes — perhaps we are not Latin enough. Here again, persists Caliban, is the statue of a saint who was flayed alive; and in proof thereof he carries over his shoulder his own skin displaying his quivering nerves and muscles as a warning to the faithful.

We force a tip into the hand of Caliban, and depart through the nearest door into the light of day, on a wave of *gràcias!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GENUINE LOGIC

BY ARKADY AVERCHENKO

From *L'Humanité, June* 14
(Official Socialist Daily)

One day a gentleman presented himself at the War Office of a country whose name matters very little.

'Take me to the Air-Service Headquarters,' he said. 'I have important information.'

The stranger was forthwith conducted to a general, to whom he addressed himself.

'I have an invention that will turn upside-down the whole art of war, and I am looking for a chance to sell it. My invention is a kind of armored airship that can fly a whole week, carry a regiment, and all this in spite of the worst kind of storms. Would you like to buy it?'

Thereupon, drawing a voluminous packet of papers from his pocket, he spread out before the general a quantity of plans and sketches. After some time spent in a careful scrutiny, the general said: —

'It is all just as you say. For how much will you sell your invention?'

'A million.'

'Well,' said the general, 'that is n't too much. If you develop anything of interest later on, be sure to come and see me.'

'I have already developed something else of interest,' said the stranger.

'And what is that?'

Here. I have constructed a cannon which can bring down the armored airship in a few minutes.'

'But this is a little too much,' said the general, frowning. 'First you invented a marvelous airship and now you think out a way to blow it to bits.'

'There is nothing strange about that,' said the visitor calmly. 'You know as well as I do that the technique of war is constantly being perfected. My armored airship is a terrible arm, and so, of course, I had to invent some means of defense.'

'Still, I wish someone else had made it,' said the general.

'Good heavens!' said the stranger. 'As if that mattered! Would you like me to go out, change my clothes and my name, and come back in a few minutes, as if you were seeing me for the first time? If your heart is set on it, I'll do you the favor.'

Not being a fool, the general realized that he had said something foolish.

'Then there's nothing for us to do but to buy your cannon, if we don't want you to sell it to anybody else. How much?'

'A million.'

'All right. But you're a terrible fellow to invent such arms.'

'Yes, yes, this cannon is a terrific weapon. But all the same — ' The inventor looked at the general and said maliciously, 'What would you say if I confided a little secret to you? I've discovered a new kind of armor to protect the armored airship against shells — an armor so powerful that shells won't make the least dent in it.'

'Do you want to drive me crazy?' yelled the general. 'This is dishonest!'

At these words the inventor frowned.

'I do not deal dishonestly,' he said. 'What right have you to talk like that? What fault have you to find with my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

armored airship? It is perfect. And my cannon? It is beyond reproach. In what have I deceived you?'

'You ought to have told me about the second armor first of all.'

'Wait a minute, wait a minute,' said the inventor thoughtfully. 'The art of war develops only by degrees. Great inventions are made only very slowly.'

After these words there was a silence. The general was thinking profoundly. He would have preferred another man to offer him the cannon, for that would have been more logical; but he said nothing, for the inventor would certainly have offered to present himself under another name and in other clothes.

'How much?' he asked.

'A million.'

'Agreed.'

The stranger rose, shook the general by the hand, and got ready to go.

'Wait a minute,' said the latter. 'You're quite sure of yourself — that is, you're sure of the invincibility of your armor?'

'Absolutely certain,' replied the man.

'Well, then, we can sleep quietly.'

'Of course. That is, provided nobody invents a shell whose penetrative force exceeds the resistance of my armor.'

'What! Do you think anybody can find a shell like that?'

'Not a doubt of it.'

'But when?'

'Oh, it's found already.'

'By whom?'

'By me.'

'Ah, I see your game at last. Once that shell is sold, you'll tell me you have found a new kind of armor.'

'No doubt.'

'Go to the devil, you and your armor. You've got me in a trap that I don't know how to get out of. You want to exploit my department, ruin my country. No, no, my dear sir, I've had enough. Curse you and all your inventions!'

Then the unknown inventor, who until now had remained quite calm, turned on him with a threatening eye and a contemptuous lip.

'If you had a little more wit, my dear sir, you would have realized that I am Logic in person. But you are so stupid that you can't understand that the result is the same, whether your country is ruined in a hundred years, ten years, or ten minutes.

'The human race has pleaded with you, but you failed to understand it, and you showed it the door. You haven't the courage to face ruin at a single stroke.'

With these words the stranger hastily left the War Office of the country whose name matters very little.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A WORKMAN IN RUSSIA

BY ARTHUR GOLDHAMMER

[We add this to our reports from Russia because it comes from the pen of a workingman who lived and labored under the Soviet régime; and because it is published in a Socialist newspaper not likely to print a prejudiced account of conditions in that country.]

From *Leipziger Volkszeitung, June* 10, 13, 15
(INDEPENDENT-SOCIALIST DAILY)

FOR about two years I held the post of mechanical instructor among the Bashkirs, a Mongol tribe in southeastern Russia. During that period I was for two months in Moscow and for five months in Petrograd, spending the rest of the time in the districts of Samara, Ufa, and Orenburg. I have resided in the country and in the Bashkir villages in southeastern Russia. I have traveled by cart and by sledge throughout this region, in close intimacy with the common people. Since there are no hotels, I have lodged and eaten with peasants and mechanics in their own homes. I have talked with all classes over many a glass of tea, and feel that I know what the people are suffering and thinking far better than do our good comrades who spend a few weeks on some official mission, comfortably housed in the Soviet capital.

At the outset let me say that the dictatorship of the proletariat is only on paper. In reality there is a dictatorship over the proletariat. People sing the *International* with great enthusiasm at public meetings; they pass resolutions dictated by the Soviet government; they decide to perform volunteer service Saturday afternoons and Sundays. But if you talk with them privately after the meeting is over, everyone will begin to curse the present government. How does this happen? Russia is ruled by terror. No one dares to say in public what he really thinks. Were he to do so, he would be dealt with speedily by the Extraordinary Commission, which is the Holy Inquisition of the Soviet government.

In the spring of last year I was living at Sterlitamak, the capital of Bashkordistan, as the Bashkir 'Republic' is officially called. I was working at the central printing office. We were supposed to be given twenty-five pounds of flour a month; but had not received a particle for more than two months. After vainly demanding their legal flour quota, the workers finally delivered an ultimatum to the proper authorities, threatening to stop work unless they were given provisions within three days. The next morning several high Communist officers arrived, armed from head to foot, — for no Communist travels about Russia in any other way, — and coolly told us that, if we struck, our shop committee would be thrown into prison and the rest of us sent to the front. What could we do under such conditions? Our only resort was to trade our last garments with some peasant for enough grain to support life.

In Petrograd I lodged and took my meals in the old Hotel Angleterre, where we had a so-called 'house com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

munity,' consisting for the most part of petty Soviet employees. The steam-heating apparatus was always cold, and we did n't even have fuel regularly for the kitchen. Naturally our dining-room was unheated. The steam from the hot soup, which was cooked in the same room, would gather on the cold ceiling in drops, and fall down on the table and on the heads of the diners. We ate our meals wrapped in rags and furs, always shivering with cold. The meals consisted of a starvation portion of cabbage soup, with now and then a potato cooked in the jacket.

Now let me compare this with Hotel Astoria, where the head Communists held forth. I went there on official duty frequently. Every room was heated, including the hallways. The elevator was running; there was hot water in the bathrooms. In the dining-room they served bread, butter, ham, sausage, and chocolate. The electric light was in service all night long.

During the five months I was in Petrograd there was not a single ration of meat issued; not even on the second anniversary of the inauguration of the Soviet government, which was made a great national festival.

In the country the people are in rags. I have been in Bashkir villages where there were families which had only enough clothing for a single person. When that person went abroad the others had to stay in their huts, literally naked. This is not so surprising when one recalls that the Bashkirs were miserably poor, even before the war. A yard of cloth sells for from 2000 to 2500 rubles, a price, of course, utterly beyond their reach. During the two years of Soviet rule the government has issued to the Bashkirs about two yards of cloth per capita.

Last summer I decided to use my month's vacation for a trip to Petrograd. It took all my time for four days to get the necessary papers, and by the time they were completed, they contained eighteen different signatures. Although the peasants have not enough draft animals to cultivate their fields, horses and carts and drivers are constantly requisitioned by the authorities. In our little town at least one hundred and fifty outfits were in constant use, carrying about our new bureaucrats. Higher officials use automobiles.

In the evening, people light their homes with pine-knots, for they have no candles or petroleum. Class-distinction is more exaggerated than ever. In our little town the Soviet commissar's family occupied six or eight rooms in a former bourgeois residence, and kept servants; but the working-people have mostly to sleep six or eight in a room, lying on the floor like pigs. I personally was unable to get any housing accommodations whatever, and finally took refuge in an old stable.

Originally the Soviet government provided fairly well for its soldiers. They received a pound and a half of bread, and half a pound of meat or fish, besides tea, sugar, and tobacco. However, to-day the soldiers who are not in active service are no better off than the others. It is not uncommon to find soldiers begging, and in Moscow they haunt the railway station trying to trade parts of their uniform for food. It is not surprising, therefore, that one sees everywhere highly colored posters calling upon deserters to return to their units. In many districts these deserters have formed bands, and go through the country robbing right and left. In June, 1920, I was ordered to a little town some two hundred miles to the east of Sterlitamak, where I had previously been staying. During my sojourn at this new post, eleven persons were murdered by robbers in the immediate vicinity. In one case a priest and his two grown-up daughters were killed in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broad daylight on a country road, and stripped of every article of clothing. No one ventured to travel abroad alone. We made our journeys in regular caravans. The peasants were so terrified that they did not dare to go into the fields to cut their hay. Whole villages were sometimes plundered by these robber bands mainly for the purpose of obtaining clothing.

At Temjassovo, the place I have just mentioned, free trade prevailed when I arrived. Meal was comparatively cheap, or 1500 rubles a pood. About two weeks later a detachment of Soviet troops arrived and forbade selling in the open market. The result was, we had to buy food on the sly, and flour at once rose to 6000 rubles a pood. Since practically no government rations were issued, and most of the grain used in this vicinity has to be brought a long distance from the Cossack country, the result was to raise the cost of living about three hundred per cent.

In some respects the peasants are the best off in Russia. To say the least, they generally have enough to eat. But the majority of them farm just as they did in the days of our ancestors. Any modern agricultural machinery they may have had has long since worn out. The use of fertilizers is unknown, and there is little rotation of crops. However, the soil is naturally fertile and generally produces something. But shortly before the harvest a government commission appears and appraises the anticipated crop, and in consultation with the village Soviet sets the amount of grain which the place must deliver to the government. The village Soviet then proportions this levy among families of the village. Peasants are paid a ridiculously low price in Soviet paper for what they deliver. Since the peasant must pay enormous prices for everything that he or his family uses, which is not produced on his farm, he is forced to resort to illegal trade to get it. A horseshoe or a few nails cost hundreds of rubles. A rude country wagon such as they use in that region costs more than 100,000 rubles. A pair of top-boots costs 30,000 rubles; an old soldier's overcoat, 15,000. The result is, the peasant has taken to raising only enough grain to feed his family, and a little flax and hemp in addition. The spinning-wheel and the hand-loom are returning to the peasant's cabin, and the people have gone back to customs of a century or more ago. I have often seen men light their cigarettes with flint and steel.

One meets on the highway caravans of two hundred carts or more, mostly driven by young boys of twelve years, or by the wives and daughters of the peasants, while the husbands are at home tilling the land. These are carts requisitioned by the government to transport grain, forage, and other produce to the nearest railway station.

In addition there are innumerable government commissions, inspectors, agents, officers, and soldiers, constantly going back and forth, and demanding transportation from the village Soviets. This is a fearful burden for the farming population. It is very similar to the old feudal burdens. Let me give one example. In the spring of 1920, I was ordered to go to a certain railway station to get some printing presses and bookbinding machinery received from Petrograd. I was allotted twelve cavalry guards and requisitioned, in the vicinity of the little town where I was staying, nearly two hundred sleds. Although I pointed out beforehand that we could not haul this machinery on sleds, because the snow was mostly gone and such heavy loads could not be transported in this manner, we were sent off on our journey of sixty miles. The result was what I expected. We came back six days later, with our sleds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

empty, after a perilous and fatiguing trip through fathomless mud and flooded rivers. Since there was no forage or food along the road, and none of us had brought enough provisions, we reached home half-starved. The remarks I heard during that expedition, from the peasants who accompanied me, consisted wholly of complaints and profanity heaped upon the Bolsheviki. The things said were not repeatable. Let me add, that the next time I was at the railway station, six months later, the machinery was still lying there. A steam-engine and a boiler shipped from Petrograd lay exposed to the weather, and are probably there yet, buried in the snow, as I pen these lines.

Everyone has heard that the factories and workshops of Russia are nationalized. The only exceptions are a few small establishments which are run by old coöperative groups. Every employee must belong to a union, and two per cent is deducted from his wages for union fees. The only purpose I ever knew these unions to serve was to provide jobs for their officials. I was a member of a union in Sterlitamak, which had in round numbers four hundred members. But it was a trade-union only in name. We were not allowed to do anything to better our own conditions, and we could not strike. Naturally, under such a system production declined, and a premium system had been introduced. For instance, the wage established by law for a pressman on bookwork in our office was 2002 rubles a month. Taking a case where such a pressman works on a toggle-joint press No. 3, with a foot-treadle, he is expected to print three hundred impressions an hour. He himself has to feed the press, but is given an assistant at the treadle. If he has no assistant, his stint is twenty-five per cent less. Now, if a printer turns out three hundred impressions hourly with a helper, or two hundred and twenty-five impressions alone, he is given a bonus of one hundred per cent — that is, 4004 rubles a month, instead of 2002 rubles. The bonus is increased for any excess above this. All such premium tariffs are regulated by law, and are supposed to give the employees enough money to enable them to buy part of their necessities in the open market.

So far as this open-market matter goes, conditions vary in every city. In Moscow, for instance, you can buy in the principal markets everything your heart desires, if you have enough five-thousand and ten-thousand ruble notes in your pocket. But there are other places where nothing is to be purchased in that way. What usually happens is that trade is allowed to go on merrily for a few days, and then the police and soldiers suddenly raid the market-place and arrest all the able-bodied sellers and buyers, and send them off to some unremunerated labor. All the goods in the market are confiscated by the soldiers.

This does not discourage the traffickers, however; on the next day, everything will start afresh, the only difference being that prices will be higher than before. If the government really wanted to stop this kind of trade, it doubtless could do so. The provisions and goods that are sold and bartered are mostly stolen. The amount of property carried off illegally from government factories and warehouses and public kitchens is incredible. But people could not live otherwise. At Sterlitamak, for instance, a week's fuel costs about the wages of a workman for two months.

Let me say in closing that the disposition of the Russian people has completely changed. They are no longer the good-natured, helpful, hospitable peasants and workers we used to know. They have become cruel, pitiless, un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sympathetic, unfeeling egoists. That is the effect of your Communism, as you have it in Russia, upon human nature. The bourgeoisie have disappeared. In the old times most of the people in Russia lived miserably; but a minority lived well. Now we have the same conditions; only a greater majority lives miserably, and a smaller minority — of Soviet officials — lives well.

THE SHOWMAN'S STORY

BY R. A. K.

From *The Manchester Guardian, June* 13
(Radical Liberal Daily)

As we sat in the bar-parlor of the little inn, we could hear the strains of competing steam organs subdued by the distance to a dream-like melody. My friend the showman set down his glass with loving care.

'Talkin' of monkeys —' he began. (As a matter of fact we had been discussing an uncle of mine, but I let it pass.)

'Talkin' of monkeys,' he said, 'p'raps you ain't aware that when it comes to real, straightforward sense a monkey can lay it over almost anythin'. There's some as takes a set on dogs, there's other some takes a set on 'osses, an' I once knew a feller as took a set on sparrers; but for all-round, day-out-an'-day-in thoughtability a monkey can tackle the best in the championship class.'

I held my breath, knowing that the slightest distraction is apt to put the showman off before he gets properly under way.

'Of course, there 's monkeys an' monkeys. Some's cleverer than others, an' some's not clever at all. There was Old Josh —'

He paused like a clock running down, so I murmured, 'There was Old Josh?'

'Well, this Old Josh was a big chimpanzee as I bought cheap off a chap that went broke into liquidation — or owing to it. First of all he drank the heliphunt, then he drank the camel, an' at finish he drank the chimpanzee. Right from the very first onset me an' Old Josh took quite a fancy to each other. He had a good principle about him — nothin' mean or behindhand. Live an' let live was his motter, which he stuck to right on an' reg'ler. After business hours he'd put on a cast-off coat of mine, take his clay pipe out of the right-hand pocket, an' sit there smokin' as comfutable as a third-class ticket in a first-class carriage. But one peculiarity about this monkey was that he did n't have no great opinion of human bein's. According to him, human bein's could n't do nothin' right. There was his bed, f'r instance. No matter how you tried, you'd never satisfy him. The way he used to carry on about that bed was a fair lesson to any Christian.

'"Look at it," he used to say, as it were; "just look at it. Who the blazes can sleep on a bed like that?" an' he'd start fixin' it for himself, grumbling all the while — not bad-tempered, mind you, but fair disgusted. Or it might be bernarners. Very fond of bernarners was Consul —'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Old Josh,' I interrupted.

'That's right, but Consul was his stage name — a performin' monkey what ain't named Consul might as well take a job with an organ-grinder — he would n't draw a cent. But no one knew how to buy bernarners to suit him. He'd skin one, grousin' all the time: "Call this a bernarner — five a penny off a barrer! Half a mind not to eat the bloomin' thing." An' that was the way all through the piece. Human bein's was rank outsiders as far as he was concerned.

'Well, it come about that we put up for the winter in Bumblepark, a little town in the Midlands, an' there I met the Professor. That was the name we gave him. He was a decent sort of cuss, with more forehead than waistcoat, an' he took quite an interest in the animals, especially Old Josh. He studied Old Josh as keen as some men study 'osses. He'd sit down with a pencil an' paper jottin' down an' takin' notes until my head ached with watchin' 'im. At last he comes to me excited like.

'"I've got it," ses he. "I've got a full an' complete knowledge of his langwidge. Do you understand what he ses?"

'"Well, no," ses I. "I understand what he means to some extent — same as when he wants a match to light his pipe, or the door of his cage openin' — things like that, you know."

'"Ha, ha," he ses triumphantly. "Well, I know every word he utters. This is a discovery that will make me famous. I want to talk to him, to get at all his secrets. To find out what he thinks. P'raps in the traditions of his race there's some folk-lore which 'll shed a new light on the origin of man. Darwin! I've got Darwin in a bag."

'"That's all right," ses I, tryin' to soothe him. "When are you goin' to begin gettin' famous? Now?"

'"No," he ses. "Josh seems a bit suspicious. He won't talk much. I shall have to disguise myself. Look out for me on We'n'sd'y."

'Well, We'n'sd'y come, an' so did the Professor, only more so. He had a big parcel under his arm, which he took into a caravan. When he came out, I found he had got himself up to look exactly like Old Josh. An' I will say this for the Professor, he'd made the most of his natural gifts. He was dressed in a skin rug with a tail, just as if he'd dropped off a tree in Africa.

'I opens the door of the cage, an' in he hops. Old Josh takes his pipe out of his mouth an' just takes stock of the Professor. Then he ses somethin'.

'"What does he say?" I asks.

'"Wants to know what my name is," ses the Professor. "I told him it was Mongolite. Ses he never heard of them — must be no class. He's one of the Highlities. His family owned thousands of cokernut trees."

'Well, they went on just like two old pals. As far as I could make out Josh pulled the old man's leg for all he was worth. He stuffed him up with all sorts of bunkum, an' tipped me the wink from time to time. He cracked himself up to have been no end of a nut in his own country; filled up the Professor chockful; even took him on as valet at a couple of bernarners a week. Then the Professor sed somethin' which took Old Josh on the raw. I saw trouble comin'.

'"What's that?" I asked.

'"I told him he had as much sense as a human bein'," the Professor answers, lookin' quite pleased with himself. "He wants me to repeat it. Maybe he likes compliments."

'"Better not," I warns him. "Take my tip an' change the subject." But you could n't teach that old man anythin'. He sed it again, an' Josh gives him one lift under the ear which made him think that Carpentier, Billy Wells,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joe Beckett, an' a sledge-hammer all rolled into one had got in beneath his guard.

'"Stop it, Josh," I yells. "Stop it." Then I opens the door quick, an' Josh, takin' the Professor by his imitation tail, swung him round and chucked him on to a heap of mangold-wurzels.

'Well, we loaded the Professor up with half a bottle of brandy, put him in a cab, an' sent him home.—Now I must be gettin' back.'

'Wait a minute. What happened to the Professor?'

'Oh, nothin'. It had all happened. Wonderful things is monkeys.'

'Not half so wonderful as showmen,' I retorted, reaching for my umbrella. 'I'll leave a drink behind the counter. Good-morning.'

THE PRAIRIE

BY KNUT HAMSUN

[The little sketch which follows was one of the earlier efforts of the future Nobel Prize winner to describe his experiences in America. We print it, for the first time in English, on account of its biographical rather than its literary interest.]

DURING the entire summer of 1887, I worked on a section of Dalrymple's immense ranch, in the Red River Valley of the North.

Our gang consisted of two other Norwegians besides myself, a Swede, ten or twelve Irishmen, and a few Americans — altogether, I think, about twenty persons; a mere fraction of the hundreds employed on the farm.

Golden-green, illimitable, the prairie stretched before us like some ocean in movement. Except for our little shelter, not a house was visible, as far as the eye could reach across the sunlit prairie. Not a tree, not a bush, nothing but wheat and grass were within the sweep of our vision. Nor were there flowers; the only thing in bloom at this season was the yellow wild mustard, which we tore up by the roots and burned, for it was regarded as a pest.

No birds flew above us. No life, except the sea of wheat that rolled like waves before the wind. The only sound came from the millions of grasshoppers, the eternal music of the prairie.

We suffered intensely at times from the blazing sun. When the provision wagon came at noon, we lay under it for the sake of its scanty shade, and thus took our meals. But in spite of the heat, we worked in hat, shirt, trousers, and shoes; with less clothing, the sun would have fairly burned us up. If a shirt was torn during work, the sun's rays would strike through the rent and quickly raise a blister.

During the harvest season, we often toiled sixteen hours at a stretch. Day after day, ten self-binders monotonously followed each other in a long slanting procession through the ripened wheat. When one quarter-section was finished, we went to the next, ten men following up the machines to stack the grain. And there, sitting on horseback, his revolver in his belt, was the foreman, his eyes roaming everywhere and keeping track of us. Each day he wore out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two horses. Whenever anything went wrong, he was immediately on the spot, repairing the machine in the field if possible, or else sending it to the shop.

All through the latter part of September and October the sun continued to be oppressively hot by day, but the nights were actually cold. Often we shivered; and we never got enough sleep. It was not unusual for us to be called at three o'clock in the morning, when everything was still pitch-dark. By the time we had fed our horses and breakfasted, and driven the long distance to the field, it was light enough to work. We would set fire to a sheaf of wheat, to heat the oil-cans with which to 'tune' up the harvesters; and incidentally, to get a little warmth for ourselves.

One Irishman in our gang was a great puzzle to us. No one seemed to know where he came from or who he was. Rainy days he would read novels, of which he had a large supply. He was a big, clever fellow, somewhere in the thirties, who spoke cultivated English and also knew German.

This man came to our farm wearing a silk shirt, and he always worked in that kind of garment. When one silk shirt wore out, he put on another of the same material. He was a good worker but a curious individual. His name was Evans.

During the threshing season we tried to get as far away from the machines as possible. Around them the air was fairly dark with dust and dirt. For a few days I was right in the midst of it, and then I asked the foreman for something to do elsewhere. Thereupon he sent me to the fields, to help load the wagons.

That foreman never forgot a favor I once did him. It was this way. The coat I wore when I arrived had shining buttons, a relic of my outfit when I drove a street-car in Chicago. The foreman was fascinated with this coat and its buttons, thinking it the finest thing he ever saw. He was a real child when it came to finery, of which there was not much in our little settlement.

So, when I told him one day that he could have the coat, he was quite willing to pay me a good price for it; but I insisted on presenting it to him. He was tremendously pleased with it, and when the harvesting was over, insisted on giving me another coat, so that I should not go away without any.

I recall an incident that occurred soon after I began loading wagons in the field. One Swede wagon-hand was a fellow who worked like a horse, and he kept me so busy pitching that finally I got mad and fired the wheat up to him until he was snowed under. Suddenly I heard an unearthly shriek, and the next moment we saw the Swede dive headforemost from the wagon, with a snake dangling from one of his boots. I had pitched so fast that I did not notice the snake among the wheat. When the Swede came down, the snake fell out of his boot and escaped, so that we never caught it. Then and there we agreed to work a little more moderately. I can still hear that shriek, and see that Swede diving through the air.

After we had ploughed and sown and harvested and threshed the wheat, we were through and ready for our money. With happy hearts and bulging pockets, the twenty of us hastened to the nearest prairie town, where we could get a train to take us still farther west.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOUNTAINEERING IN RUMANIA

BY A BALKAN CORRESPONDENT

From *The Morning Post, July* 6
(Tory Daily)

Seven thousand feet or so above sea-level, somewhere on the upper slopes of the Burnt Rock, — one of the giants of the range that guards the storied pass of Predeal, — we have found a cozy nook, sheltered by a huge overhanging rock from the wind and the mist that swirls all around. We are, for the moment, stuck; indeed, if it were not for my companion, — who knows every blade of grass upon these mountains, — I should say we were lost. At any rate, it is idle at present to think of advancing; we cannot see five yards in any direction. There is nothing for it but to sit and wait. Lunch is over, and I have just lit a pipeful of the dusty cigarette-tobacco — bad for the health and bad for the temper — which is all their grandmotherly government allows these poor Rumanians to smoke.

Altogether the situation is one that calls for philosophy. But it has its compensations, both for body and soul. The low-growing juniper on which I am lying makes a luxurious couch; my stout pre-war Harris tweed takes the bitterness from its spines and jagged edges. And the rock-face beside me is a marvel to behold, with its silver saxifrages (tall and dwarf), its campanulas (just bursting), its pinks and forget-me-nots — and, peeping round the corner, a single shoot of Daphne, still bearing on its naked stem a belated fading bloom.

The sun shone brightly this morning in Sinaia, when we set out for the summit. A short hour's climb through the forests brought us to the Poiana Reginei, the Queen's Mead — an Alpine pasture, where the grass grows lush and the cows fat, and where there breaks on you a view of towering buttresses and footless pinnacles, outworks of Caraiman and the Om, with the massive Schuler, that looks down on Transylvanian Kronstadt, looming in the background. It was high summer on the Poiana. The meadows were gay with purple violet and dark mauve hare-bell, with marguerite, trollius, and sweet William. A few hundred metres higher up, where the woods began to close in again, we were back into spring. Demure little soldanellas were lingering under the bushes. Primulas, yellow and pink, covered the sunny banks. Here and there, in the choice places (for even on these hills it is an exacting plant), gleamed a colony of gentian — the common *acaulis* and the rarer and finer *verna* — fragments of sapphire both, lustrous and pulsating.

But we stayed not to pluck, for already the clouds were gathering round the Burnt Rock. Onward we pressed, until the forest, gradually grown sparser, finally ceased, and we were out among the gray boulders and green fells that stretch away to this rugged peak. And here tragedy overtook us. I do not speak of the drizzling rain that began to fall, though that was bad enough, but — the sheep had been before us.

Every spring, you must know, the mountains are invaded by hordes of this hungry animal. The shepherds, after wintering on the plains, drive their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flocks slowly upward; following the season from pasture to pasture, until they reach the grassy slopes above the tree-line, where — bad luck to them — they spend the summer, milking the sheep and making (it must be confessed) an excellent cheese of the milk. Now your cow, as we had seen on the Poiana, is moderate in its appetites; it feeds on grass and (on the whole) leaves flowers alone. But sheep — at least Rumanian sheep — are as indelicate and omnivorous as rabbits. Advancing in serried lines, like a swarm of locusts, they graze down everything, swiftly and methodically, right to the top of the highest summits. During the war-years, however, and even so late as last season, there were no sheep on the mountains — the Germans had stolen them, as they stole everything else in Rumania; and these deserted uplands, in spite of their perennial tonsure, — fertilized, perhaps, by seeds from the remote crags which only a chamois can scale, — were a paradise of glorious flowers. We had been diffidently hoping that things would be the same this year. But alas! The Rumanians, it seems, have now procured a sufficiency of the accursed beast. As we advanced, we found everything shorn to the roots.

Presently we lighted on a shepherd's shelter, a rough arrangement of boards and branches; its presence signalized by clumps of nettles, dockens, and coltsfoot — strange flora for these heights; its occupant hardly distinguishable, in the scale of being, from the dogs that disturbed the silence with their barking. And oh, — we prayed as we fled, — oh, for a penitent millionaire, a profiteer from the banks of Jordan, who in expiation of his sins shall buy these mountains, chase the sheep away, and establish a national preserve for wild-flowers.

The mist grew thicker and thicker. We scrambled on hands and knees across a crumbling perpendicular bank, and up a ravine where winter reigned and the snow was still lying. Finally we came to this dry corner, inviting repose and suggesting lunch; and here we have since remained.

A minute ago the mist slowly lifted. Through some hole in the clouds a patch of sky appeared, and then the sun shone out, revealing a scene that made up for everything. We are in one of those secluded valleys to which the sheep have not yet penetrated. On the opposite slope — that which lies full-face to the sun — rises a miniature forest of tiny dwarf irises; the coarse grass is almost hidden under them; the myriad fragile blooms cast a haze of blue upon the green. On our own side, facing north, there is something even more wonderful; the mountain is ablush with *rhododendron hirsutum*. We have come just at the moment when the blossoms are at their dazzlingest — fully unfolded, but still untouched by sun or weather. Right up to the clouds, so far as eye can reach, stretches a glory of rose-pink, unbroken and continuous save where, from place to place, a solitary plant of anemone *alpina* raises its delicate white chalice above the undergrowth. The beauty of it takes one's breath away. There is, I think, only one scene on earth that can beat it — a certain lonely hillside far away in Rannoch, down which, in early July, the bell-heather pours in streams of blood-purple; and my allegiance (God forgive me for the traitor thought) almost falters between the two.

Well, well. The mist comes boiling up again — this time with a determined air, as if it means to stay. A cold wind has set in from the north — it is going to be a dirty night. We must leave the summit till another day; the action indicated by present circumstances is descent. Thank goodness, there is a comfortable hotel awaiting us down below.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE BRIDE

BY M. K. SMYTHE

[*The Outlook*]

Slip the dress over my head;
Don't ruffle my hair!
And, mother dear, hurry!
I could not bear
He should wait
For me there,
Or should worry
And think I'd be late.

How softly the lace falls!
Such beautiful lace!
Can you see where to fasten the veil?
Let it cover my face,
For my cheeks are so pale —
The long hours have been trying.
And where are my flowers,
And my gloves?
Do you know?
While you're tying
That bow, time is flying.
Your hands tremble so!

Why, mother, you're crying!
Why, mother! O mother!!

SILVER WEDDING

BY RALPH HODGSON

[*To-Day*]

In the middle of the night he started up
At a cry from his sleeping bride;
A bat from some ruin in a heart he'd never searched,
Nay, hardly seen inside.

'Want me and take me for the woman that I am,
And not for her that died;
The lovely chit Nineteen I one time was,
And am no more,' she cried.

IN A GARDEN

BY HENRY WARREN

[*The Times*]

A pleasant thing it is to lie
Within my garden's privacy;
And stare between the apple-boughs
While homing insects drum and drowse;
Or watch the darting swallows go
Like arrows loosened from a bow.

Yea; sweet it is, when all things sing
A vesper, thus at ease to swing;
The elms beyond my red-brick wall
So filled with birds that carp and call,
And all the leaf-encumbered west
Rich with the promises of rest.

Oh, then, contentment from the sky
Drops as the dews invisibly;
While fade the leaves that thinly screen
Dissolving dusk's star-sprinkled green;
And like a daffodilly lies
The moon upon those summer skies.

THE DEAD DANCING-GIRL

BY GEOFFREY DEARMER

[*The New Witness*]

Cover her, cover her, let her body lie,
Oh, let her be, those limbs shall move no more;
Weep not for her, her dancing shall not die
Because she lives no longer as before.
She who lived joy gave joy. In her great excess
Of joy, she built her poems, line upon line,
Of rhythmic beauty and bodily happiness,
And of delight, delirious and divine.

Cover her, cover her, hide those limbs bereft
Of life and the love of life, and let her be.
Time guards her flame in future limbs unborn,
Enshrined and safe for all eternity.
She has gone dancing to the star she left —
What is her body but a shoe outworn?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

BERNARD SHAW 'GETS RELIGION'

It is apparently the firm conviction of all the book-reviewers in the British Isles that Mr. Bernard Shaw has 'got religion' at last. The sole dissenting voice is that of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who, while conceding that Mr. Shaw undoubtedly has religion, fears that it is the wrong kind of religion and suggests frankly that Mr. Shaw had better consult the encyclopædia, and perhaps (though only by implication) that he might do well to consult Mr. Chesterton also. One writer refers to the Irish playwright as 'a great evangelist' — an appellation which, bestowed upon him, must cause acute discomfort to the ghosts of Moody and Sankey. The excuse for the new guise in which Mr. Shaw appears is, of course, *Back to Methuselah*, the new play (or series of five plays) which he has just published.

But, though Mr. Shaw's critics are at variance as to his philosophy of religion, on one point at least there is flattering unanimity. At the close of his preface, the playwright ventures a single modest remark with regard to the partial failure of his literary powers, which has drawn fully as much comment from the critics as all the rest of a preface which is unusually long (even for Mr. Shaw), and the five plays besides. Mr. Shaw, who is well past his sixtieth birthday and whose advancing years may perhaps have had a good deal to do with his choice of longevity as a dramatic subject, said: 'I am doing the best I can at my age. My powers are waning; but so much the better for those who found me unbearably brilliant when I was in my prime.'

Fate has apparently cast Mr. Shaw for the rôle of a particularly lively masculine Cassandra. No one believed him when, some years ago, he said that his powers were superior to Shakespeare's, and no one believes him now, when he says they are failing. In fact the literary critic of the *Outlook* holds out no hope for greater credence in the future. 'No one will believe him,' he writes. 'As an effort of pure intelligence, even he has never accomplished a more extraordinary performance than this. The only power that might be held to be waning in him is the power of condensation.'

The *Spectator's* reviewer finds that Mr. Shaw's powers have ripened and mellowed with the years, but he also refuses to admit any waning.

> The only sign of age, or rather of increased maturity, in Mr. Shaw, is a certain softness, an increased kindness in his attitude to Man. . . . He had no tenderness for his sorrows and stupidities, his weariness and bewilderment, only hatred for the pomposity and self-assertion with which he tried to medicine them. But just before Mr. Shaw wrote the present book, he seemed suddenly to have discovered that there is, after all, something pitiful about the strivings and futilities of the human race. And this discovery he has chosen to wrap for himself in the pleasant and fantastic symbol of a statement that we are none of us adult when we die.

A writer in the *Morning Post* notes a commendable increase in modesty on the dramatist's part, but nothing more alarming.

> His egoism, in fact, is reduced from I to i; and the God he has in mind is nothing more than the dot on the smaller letter. He thinks that his powers are waning. . . . We had not noticed it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Gerald Gould, of the *Daily Herald*, finds it

hard to believe that Mr. Shaw's powers are really waning. He is what in politics is called 'still a comparatively young man.' And his last book of plays contained what posterity will perhaps acclaim as his masterpiece. There is no reason why he should not go on maturing.

Mr. J. C. Squire, the most discerning critic writing in England to-day, pronounces Mr. Shaw 'as clever, as vigorous, as cunning, as high-spirited, as flippant, as curious as ever he was,' and rejects his admission of failing power with this comment: —

The admission is so handsome and so unusual, that it seems almost a pity that it was unnecessary. Mr. Shaw's powers do not seem to be waning at all. The only typically senile vice that he has is the vice of garrulity, and that in him, to use the jargon which so delights him, was rather an inherited predisposition than an acquired habit. His juniors would be perfectly prepared to believe that, like the people in his last act, he was born from an egg and began discoursing when no more than his head was through the shell. But that his powers are waning, there is no evidence at all in this book. Those who creep back to him in the belief that he has become completely mild and tame will be disagreeably surprised.

Mr. Chesterton, who heads his article in the *New Witness* 'The Religion of Bernard Shaw,' quite obviously loves the man and does honor him this side idolatry as much as any; but as a religious philosopher he cannot abide him, and says so in terms which are not to be mistaken. But even Mr. Chesterton scoffs merrily at the idea of a waning in the Shavian intellectual vigor. On the contrary, 'the dialogue has all the old kick in it; indeed, it is not only still alive and kicking, but (what is more important) it is in the main kicking the right people.'

Certainly Mr. Shaw has never lacked kick in any sense of that inclusive word; but as to his religion, there is perhaps more room for doubt. At any rate, Mr. Chesterton entertains numerous doubts. Naturally, he takes vigorous and indignant exception to Mr. Shaw's reference to 'dwindling sects like the Church of England, the Church of Rome, the Greek Church, and the rest,' as well as to the Shavian exposition of Catholic doctrine. By way of hoisting the enginer with his own petar, he ventures a typically Chestertonian picture of Socialist tenets, distorted to about the same degree as that to which (he feels) Mr. Shaw has distorted those of Catholicism. With malicious delight Mr. Chesterton proceeds to define a Socialist as

a man who believes that all agriculture is wicked and that Lenin holds his position by hereditary right of descent from a long line of Socialist Presidents, sprung from the loins of Lycurgus; that the International is an anthropomorphic monster with millions of heads, and yet mystically all 'of one mind'; that Hyndman is a Socialist because he justifies war, and Henderson a Socialist because he does and does not; that *Das Kapital* is a lyric, an epic, a three-volume novel, and an entertaining book of riddles for winter evenings.

This remarkable exposition of Socialist doctrine, Mr. Chesterton assures his readers, is a travesty no whit wilder than the portrayal of Catholic belief with which Mr. Shaw in all seriousness (or at least with all the seriousness of which he is capable) edifies his readers in the preface of *Back to Methuselah*. Whereupon this chief of all Mr. Shaw's many literary opponents concludes: —

If I were to gabble all this off with the greatest vivacity and confidence, as a complete statement of Socialist economics and ethics, and then tell dwindling sects like the Fabian Society that, if they stuck to such absurd notions as the supernatural red tie and the intrinsic sin of agriculture, they would dwindle yet further — if I did all that, I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fancy that a certain impression would begin to form itself in Mr. Shaw's mind. I think he would silently conclude, even while I was speaking, that my conclusions about Socialism were not of very great value.

Of course, not everyone has Mr. Chesterton's difficulty in discerning genuine religious values in the 'metabiological pentateuch' — as Mr. Shaw, in a sub-title, styles his new book. Mr. W. L. Courtney, for example, avers in the *Daily Telegraph*, that

the real value of *Back to Methuselah* is that it contains a doctrine and a faith, a creed in which men can believe: the vision of the progress of the world that leads up to the triumph of men's conquest of matter and the universal reign of spirit.

Equally convinced is Mr. E. Shillito, who explains in the *Sunday Times* that 'Mr. Shaw is entirely misunderstood until he is regarded as an evangelist'; adding, 'What a great evangelist he is, at least in producing conviction of sin!'

Others among Mr. Shaw's critics are somewhat severe on his religious pretensions, and a few of them cast aspersions on his science as well as his philosophy. Thus Mr. Gould in the *Daily Herald*: —

Mr. Shaw has the sublime temerity to state that 'Creative Evolution' is 'a modern scientific fact.' It is not a fact, but a theory, and a theory that does not even make an intelligible attempt to explain the facts. What does evolution create? And whither is creation evolving? No science can answer, or try to answer, the ultimate questions. That is the business of religion. Mr. Shaw states a dogma, just as the churches do. That is all right, as long as he does n't call it science — which he does.

An anonymous critic in the Literary Supplement of the *Times* sees in the new book merely a revival of time-worn heresies which, through the centuries, keep cropping up, as faith clashes with faith and temperament with temperament. This is, to be sure, very much the same criticism that, after the publication of *God, the Invisible King*, was passed on Mr. Wells's religious experimentings. Says this writer: —

Through all religions, whether born or made, there run certain patterns of the human mind; in the very reaction from one pattern there runs another. You can see these persistent patterns in the heresies which Gibbon enumerated; and you can see them reappearing in the 'fancy,' not yet realized or practised, religions of Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw. . . . All this, to those who are interested in heresies, will be very interesting; the old patterns reappear in this fierce, natural thought; and once again we have a religion which is not good enough because it is the expression of a nausea for actual things, of a mere desire for release — because, in fact, it is Manichæan.

Somewhat the same view is echoed in the pages of *The Nation and the Athenæum*, by 'H. W. M.' who gives his article the title, 'Back to Manichæism,' and in discussing the religious aspects of the new book, says of Mr. Shaw: —

His artist wings have never been quite strong enough to carry him into the mystic region where both the Christian and the humanist poet saw God as the centre of radiant energy, eternally renewed. Sick of materialism in life and thought, he has turned, he says, to metaphysics. In reality he ends as a Christian heretic, a Manichee of the twentieth century.

It is not altogether clear why Mr. Shaw should be classified as a follower of a figure who is to-day so obscure as Mani, the half-legendary teacher of the third century, A.D., who established the Manichæan heresy — a faith in which Christian, Zoroastrian, and Buddhist elements are mingled in proportions over which scholars can only wrangle. There are, however, several fundamental theses which do crop out, both in Manichæism, and in the 'metabiological pentateuch' of Mr. Shaw. The philosophy of Mani was an uncompromising

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dualism between the purely physical and the ethical, and it provided two moral orders: the perfect and the secular Manichæans, a distinction somewhat akin to that between the long- and short-lived individuals of Mr. Shaw's fourth play, and to the 'Ancients' of the fifth, while the asceticism of the Manichæan ethics offers one more point of similarity.

The critics have had curiously little to say of the fundamental thesis of both preface and play, namely, that eventual indefinite prolongation of human life is possible merely by effort of the human will, and that this prolongation is essential to the full development of humanity. Mr. Shaw is unblushingly Lamarckian in his appeal to sheer will to achieve a desired physical result, though biologists will not be lacking to say that he has misread Lamarck, while his ruthless attack on Natural Selection is certain to stir scientific protest.

Mr. Desmond McCarthy, in the *New Statesman*, is more impressed by the philosophic and scientific teaching of the new play than by its strictly religious aspects, and declares that

> What he has attempted to write is not a series of plays with religion for its theme as an agent working in the minds of men, but a kind of Hegelian cosmology in pictures, which plausibly approximates to what conceivably might happen, if it turns out to be true that a giraffe has a long neck because its forbears have willed to have one, or a carrot is red for the same reason.

Even the startling speculations as to the prolongation of human life find Mr. McCarthy not quite incredulous, for, he says: —

> The idea looks silly; but I have been a close reader of Mr. Shaw for many years, and often his ideas which first struck me as silliest were the ones which I subsequently found had modified my thoughts most. There is no reason why science should not discover how to prolong life. I do not believe it can be done in the way in which Mr. Shaw seems to believe, and the late Mrs. Eddy believed it could be done; but if men determine to find out more about the nature of growth and decay and of their own bodies, they may make the necessary discovery. In that case, a world full of vigorous men and women of much greater experience than we can ever have would certainly stand more chance of progressing rapidly toward a better civilization. It is an idea worth storing in the armory of hope.

But, in the main, critics are content to point out that Mr. Shaw has stolen some of Mr. Wells's thunder, and let it go at that. To be sure, the title of the third act (or third play), 'The Thing Happens,' has a very Wellsian sound, and the *Morning Post* thinks that 'Mr. Shaw has played a nasty trick on Mr. H. G. Wells,' while Mr. J. C. Squire finds that 'he is unlike Mr. Wells in many respects, but he is like him in this, that so long as he can regard himself as an humble instrument of Evolution he is perfectly happy.'

Mr. Shaw is patently very happy; he undoubtedly had a glorious time writing *Back to Methuselah*.

✽

A JAPANESE PAINTER DESCRIBED BY A JAPANESE POET

THE art of Hiroshige is discussed at length in a beautiful volume by Yone Noguchi, printed in Japan and got up in the delicate Japanese fashion, which has been published by Elkin Mathews, of London and Orientalia, of New York. Mr. Noguchi, who is better known in America as a poet and writer of fiction and literary criticism than as an art-critic, is enabled to treat the Japanese artist with a broader background than would be possible to many of his countrymen, because of his long residence in America and Europe and his wide acquaintance with our life, art, and thought.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His book is illustrated with a colored frontispiece and nineteen collotype reproductions of the works of Hiroshige, who during the first part of the last century was one of the principal painters of the popular Ukiyo-ye School. His family name was Ando Tokitaro, the name Hiroshige, by which he is generally known, having been adopted after the opening of his artistic career. His drawings began to attract attention when he was only ten, and at fifteen he applied unsuccessfully for admission to the studio of one of the masters of his time, being eventually accepted as a pupil by Toyohiro. The fact that Hiroshige gave his name to two of his pupils, whose style greatly resembles his own, sometimes leads to confusion.

Mr. Noguchi in his book claims a superiority for Eastern art as compared with Western, because of what he feels to be its greater truth to nature and higher degree of poetic feeling. Hiroshige is an especially interesting artist to form the basis of such a comparison, since his prints approach more nearly than any other Japanese art to Western methods in landscape.

Yone Noguchi is himself as interesting a figure as the artist of whom he writes. Many American readers will remember him gratefully for his *Spirit of Japanese Poetry*, which is, with the exception of the books of Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, the best work on the subject in English. His peculiar qualifications for explaining the arts of the Orient to Occidental readers are due to his long residence in America and also in Europe, and to his complete familiarity with our art. Coming to America at eighteen, he worked as journalist, peddler, newsboy, translator, household servant, until his writings began to attract attention; but so great is the gulf between the languages of East and West, that even to-day, though he began to learn English at the age of ten and though he now occupies a chair in Keio University, there are times, as in the present book, where his command of English idiom is not quite perfect. Usually, however, this merely adds a quaint charm to what he writes. For some years he lived in the household of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, and to-day his English poems may be found in many anthologies of modern verse.

✽

A NEW GERMAN BIBLE

Herr Gurlitt, the Berlin publisher, is about to issue an edition of the Bible with 200 plates etched by the well-known artist, Jaeckel. The edition will be limited to a few hundred copies, varying in price from 15,000 to 75,000 marks. A wealthy American is said to have subscribed already for one copy, while the Bolshevist government will take ten. There is no clue as to the use to which they will be put.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atlantic never overprints. Since the October sale promises to be particularly brisk we ask our friends either to subscribe now ($4.00 a year) or to leave an advance order with a newsdealer.

The Atlantic Announces

FOR OCTOBER

THE IRON MAN — *Arthur Pound*

This is the age of the automatic machine. Its effect on the worker has never, we think, been so intelligently set forth as in this series of papers by a new writer combining knowledge with insight and imagination.

FIVE YEARS IN A FAROE ATTIC — *Elizabeth Taylor*

All through the war this delightful *Atlantic* contributor was shut up in her tiny room under the eaves of a Faroe Island dwelling, overlooking the submarine-infested seas. What she saw and heard and felt is here set down.

THE EDUCATED PERSON — *Edward Yeomans*

Continuing the discussion opened by Mrs. Gerould, Mr. Yeomans contributes his own striking conception.

THE RELIGION OF JOHN BURROUGHS

A significant correspondence which passed between the Pantheist, beloved of all men, and a believer, Mr. Herbert Miles, of Asheville.

SEQUELS — *William Beebe*

Interesting and imaginative studies contrasting and confirming earlier observations.

IS THERE ANYTHING IN PRAYER? — *J. Edgar Park*

An honest question helpfully answered.

L. A. 9-3-21

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
10 Depot Street, Concord, N.H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $4.00 for a *thirteen* months' subscription to the *Atlantic Monthly*, beginning October, 1921.

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

DANTE STUDIES IN AMERICA — *Giacomo Boni*

IN THE FAR EASTERN REPUBLIC — *Orrin Keith*

MORE DIPLOMATIC MEMOIRS. I

THE EVOLUTION OF WORLD PEACE

AMERICANS AND SPORT — *Georges Lechartier*

A PROFESSOR IN SPAIN — *Friedrich Dessauer*

NEW YEAR MISCALCULATIONS — *Ibara Saikaku*

HOUDON, SCULPTOR OF GEORGE WASHINGTON — *Sir Claude Phillips*

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

---

THE LIVING AGE,
10 Depot Street, Concord, N.H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $5.00 for my subscription to THE LIVING AGE for one year beginning.....

Name .....

Address..... *City*.....

9-3-21

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED